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The Rostrum.

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LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THE LECTURER.

For many years, during which period I have been in the habit of addressing audiences, I have been required by the intelligences who have furnished the thoughts and inspired utterances to speak strictly on the subject of the principles or philosophy which grows out of the belief called Modern Spiritualism. The beloved guides, the wise counsellors, the strong friendsoon whom I have been so long accustomed to lean, require me to night, to reverse the order of things, and instead of these elements of philosophy which I have hitherto been accustomed to present, I am desired to offer you my own personal experiences as a Spiritualist. The theme is to me eminently repulsive, the task one from which, as a matter of choice, I should have shrunk.

But in the same trust and confidence that my wise and honored guides can cater better for those whom I address than I can myself, I have consented to be the mouth-piece of thoughts which are my own. In the utterances which I may offer in the somewhat egotistical details, you may not discover the wisdom. There are some hearts that may be touched, some minds that may be reached by the detail I am required to give, more conclusively than I could do in any other manner. In a word, I have no choice. I therefore throw myself on your indulgence and ask you to trust that some element of use may be gathered from the narrative I am about to offer.

Most of you are familiar with the fact that I am a stranger in point of material birth, although spiritually born into a knowledge of my belief in this land of America.

A pilgrim from the mother country, my experiences have been widely different to any that could be furnished by others. As the state of society differs very widely in the two countries, I must therefore speak of that era of childhood which seems to me most peculiarly adapted to prepare for those larger experiences which have been mine on the American continent.

Recalling now those periods of early childhood, I can well remember the strange isolation which I endured from the earliest moments that I can recollect. The fact that a perpetual form of phantom faces were always around me, and their voices were sounding in my ears,—I knew that these faces had a real existence somewhere, for they were oft times recognized as the faces of those that had passed from earth. I believed that I was haunted by the ghosts and spectres of the dead. This belief was repelled, and every method that educational culture could suggest, was adopted.- Still it remained until I learned to love these strange phantoms. I isolated myself from companions and playmates, and even my female companions, and stood alone, a strange, weird child, to be dealt with by those professional blunderers, who seek to quench the spirit through the material form, and treat all such appearances as disease. This was deemed my case, and I was dealt with accordingly.

It might be this isolation, or it might be that there was a relation opened between myself and the invisible world, certain it is that the result upon my mind was almost intoxication, which gave me the strongest desire to pass away from the earth to the unknown land. I was taken by my teachers, Sabbath after Sabbath, and taught the services of my church, instructed in their meaning. I learned the efficacy of prayer, and from the first time I improvised one that welled up from my heart, it was that I might be permitted to die. Inexpressible was the yearning to pass to this land of the unknown. None of those childish fears of death that usually possess the minds of children, were mine.

My teachers must always seek for me in the old cathedral cloister and in the solitary graveyard, where I seemed to myself to be nearer that death which I longed to experience. This made me a strange child—suffering, perhaps, from some mysterious power. I believed it was the yearning of the Spiritual within me, to hold communion with the Spirit World. I did not realize this unnatural condition. The connection of the invisible world was never broken, but perpetually grew with my years. The first startling era in my young life which brought me nearer to a true conception of death, was the loss of a most kind and indulgent father, a strong man, who seemed to me all the world; a dear father, of whom I could never dream as passing from me. A few hours before this great mysterious metamorphose passed over my protector, he called me to his bedside and bade me sing a song that I had often sang for him. He said it was very sweet to his ears. This was the last time I saw him on this earth. As the tones died away he closed his eyes in sleep. A few hours later I heard the restless feet of the household moving hither and thither, and low voices pronounced the dreadful words, "He is dead." When the gray morning came, I ran from the dreadful house into the pure air. It was damp and cold; there were a few pale stars twinkling in the sky, but there was a strange and mysterious dimness everywhere. I ran from the house of the dead where my father was not; I went out into this great vacancy to find him; I knew he was there; I looked wildly in every part of the great expanse. I could not speak, but my heart asked for father. Then it was for the first time that a distinct and palpable touch enclosed me, and a father's hand stroked my child's head, and the same dear voice,—the well-remembered voice, pronounced these words, "My darling, I am with you still." The memory of that hour has characterized forever my view of death. They showed me the marble form of the mighty man, the strong, the brave, the good man who seemed to me in my childish fancy, able to carry the world on his shoulders. I looked with terror upon that form, so long as it was in the house. There was the specter of something terrible about that house. I would go out into the dull twilight, my heart constantly asking for father. I wondered where he lived. I knew he was not in the stars, for they were too far away; but somewhere in the atmosphere, somewhere near to me, somewhere that he could reach me.

I was afraid to speak of these things, for they were not understood; they were not in the Bible, and were not in the church. They called me weird and strange, and left me in a strange isolation in which there was no apparent redemption. But these spirits, spectres or mystic being of mine, had never left me; and as year after year rolled on, I grew to love them and cherish strange fancies about them. I never knew certainly that they were the spirits of people who had passed from earth—I never knew that they were the guardian angels of whom I had heard. I knew they were my friends; they told me of coming events; they told me of the past; they hung on my lips the mysterious words of prophecy; and they warned me back from many a danger.

There was one time when sorrows thickened around me, sorrows peculiar to the country and conditions around me and of society—very strange and unnatural they seemed, when a desperate step seemed open to me as the only remedy for desperate grief. It matters not what it was. I was on my road to take it; my feet were treading the path, when for the first time since that dear father's mortal voice was hushed forever, that voice sounded directly in my path, in harsh, chiding tones, that drove me back with the force of a thunder bolt. I turned on my steps and listened, and for sometime I expected its repetition. When all was silent, I concluded it was one of those phantoms of which they told me. Again the sound came; on either side of me that chiding voice was heard until I sped back upon my footsteps, and then the grateful voice came to me, "I am with you still." How many times that voice has saved me from error, if not from absolute ruin! We pass now to that period of time when the grim phantoms were led away. I will now point to some of the preparations which it has been God's providence to outwork to bring me to the position in which I was to fulfill the work that is given me.

When in the midst of these overwhelming sorrows that broke up the household, myself, brother, sisters and mother were all compelled to launch our frail bark upon the hard cold world; a choice of employment must be made. I was at that time endowed with a strange and wonderful voice, and it was deemed that this marvelous, almost preternatural voice, and power should be devoted to the public. I was to be an opera singer, and to prepare me for this peculiar mission, I was placed upon the stage, and instructed by musicians of the highest order. I was charmed by my profession, and truly loved the sounds of music—I believed that music was my life, my mission; my heart and soul were thrown into its acquisition. It became all the dearer to me because a precious mother and others were dependent upon me.

A brilliant career opened before me when I was scarcely fifteen years old; but at this time a vast calamity fell upon me. From the time when I can first remember, one of the strange experiences of my nature was somnambulism. I never remember the feats, as they were called, performed by myself in this condition. I was told they were very strange, and many records of my somnambulic utterances were kept. I could scarcely endure to have them repeated to me. I was never conscious of what was performed in this state. About this time the somnambulism assumed a frightful phase. They say that I would rise in the night and utter the most wild and piercing shrieks.

The utmost efforts were made by good and wise physicians, to change the current of my life, but they were all in vain. The only evidence I ever had beyond the record of others of these terrible performances, was the loss of the highly prized voice. Each day after these terrible exercises, I found my voice became more and more changed until the power was gone. A frightful disease of the throat was developed, the great gift, the highly prized treasure, the gem that was to carve out my way to wealth, was gone—the voice was lost! The deep despair, grief of mind and suffering of body brought me to the verge of the grave, and then it was, when others mourned and sympathized, that the faces grew brighter and the unknown voices grew stronger, and whether it was in the hope that I should soon go to the land of shadows, and understand all the beautiful mysteries, or whether it was that they brought the art of spiritual consolation to my bruised heart, I know not; but I was very happy, and no wail of sorrow went out from my own heart.

Another profession was chosen for me—still the stage,—but my physical utterances were sadly marred, and it was scarcely possible to hear my voice. The writers on the London stage to which I belonged, perhaps in kindly sympathy and deference to me, gave flattering notices of me. I remained here for some years. It seems to me, in looking back upon my associations at this time, with highly educated and refined and intellectual persons, to eke out the broken fortune destroyed by the great calamity, there was something good for me. I was called upon to write and compose and enter a variety of scenes where my thoughts were blended with those of the highest intelligence, who were brought into contact with me, and, perhaps, the sparks of light and genius which flashed around me from time to time, planted a great variety of thought which the dear spirit friends have since matured into elements of great use.

The time came at last when a change, it seemed to me, was essential. Being on a gay tour in Paris, and coming in contact with an American manager, almost in a moment, in quick restlessness, I agreed to spend a term of six months in America. I had no sooner made this engagement, than I repented it. I deemed myself under a spell of perfect infatuation to have consented to it. On returning to England, those friends who were my counsellors and advisers, attempted to break my engagement. The particulars of this part of my life have been so often before the public, that I need not repeat them here. Very great efforts were made to induce the manager to forego the engagement, and he astonished myself and friends with presenting my passage tickets already purchased for myself and mother. The startling rapidity with which these arrangements were made, compelled me, as it were, against my will and that of all my best friends and advisers, to yield to this arrangement.

It was agreed that I should spend six months only in this country, and all arrangements for a renewal of former engagements were made at the end of that time. I left with my beloved and faithful mother. When I came to these shores, a few days only brought me face to face with another experience, which I now perceive to have been absolutely essential to me in outworking my destiny. It was a rupture with this same manager, even before I ever appeared upon this stage. He had conceived against me a determined spirit of hostility. This was understood among my companions, who unite as far in my favor, that when my very hostile manager found this was the case, he determined not to submit to this, and rather than lose their services, he continued mine, though he drew me entirely from the boards. For many weeks I remained in my own room, receiving the compensation. I gladly availed myself of the kind means of my companions to show me the novelties which the city of New York presented. Among these, it was suggested that I should investigate Spiritualism.

Persons residing in the house where myself and mother boarded, were Spiritualists—I did not even comprehend the word. They told me that sounds were heard, that intelligence was given. I remembered then having frequently assisted in Paris at table turnings, and a variety of methods by which it was said the concentration of the will of a small party would cause any piece of furniture to move any way they desired. But there they said it was spirits. Spirits? I asked. Then a feeling of awe and recalling past over me—the very idea of a spirits connected with those strange and mysterious things which are recorded in the old and new testament, when spirits walked the earth. A fearful fear seized me lest my soul's salvation should suffer by listening to such infidelic suggestions. This drove me from the Spiritualists, but I found that all of my companions were imbued with the same spirit of infidelity. After a time, nothing that persons who made this profession, did not appear to be very wicked, I was induced to accompany one of them to an exhibition, as I then denominated it, of this strange power. I entered a chamber where I saw a table around which were a number of earnest people. At the moment when I entered, a sentence was spelled out which seemed to me in some manner to conflict with the Bible—how or in what way I know not, but I had never been sufficiently accustomed to reason on some things. It was enough that the awful words immortality and sec pitures were announced by one. In the deepest indignation, and some terror lest I had unconsciously participated my soul, I left the apartment, and determined never again to place myself in such a position. Some weeks elapsed and still it seemed as if the very air was filled with this. At first, I listened with fear, but as I became more accustomed to these, I remembered that my old experiences might condemn me. With a desire to make a collection of such facts and peculiarities of the country as I could gather up, I sought out the smallest conception that they could mean anything else but some smart trick; something which only required English skill and experience to expose. I again consented to visit the medium with a friend. As I entered the apartment, I was determined to expose this shameless impious imposture. I saw before me none of those ethereal beings whom my fancy had pictured as the legitimate messengers of the Spirit World. There were only plain matter of fact persons, with somewhat repulsive features, for I had not yet learned that great lesson in regard to human love and brotherhood which teaches that every form upon the brow of humanity that has received the impress of the Divine, is my sister or my brother. Censuring myself severely for being in such company, I sat with proud indifference. I found my companion who was a medium also enter into conversation with the others upon very indifferent topics, while they left me to my own feelings. Then first sounded in my ears the low tap, tap of the immortals. The scene in the presence of these uninteresting persons, was repulsive to me; but there was a mysterious echo in my own heart which awakened my attention. I exclaimed, what is it? They told me it was spirits, spirits, that sacred word! That awful word, dread mysterious word, which seemed an echo from the vast profound gloom of the sepulcher, the spirits!

Again the feeling of deep indignation, almost revenge, and determination that this deceit imposition should not prevail, seized upon my mind. I snatched up the little table before me, determined to search for the machinery and expose it before their eyes. Whilst I was doing this, the sounds came on the floor beneath my feet. I threw aside the table and now passed my hands along the floor, thinking to detect the mysterious spring, when lo! it sounded upon the wall. I passed my hand along the wall, still determined to detect it. The sounds were everywhere, beneath my feet, over my head and around me, a perfect chorus of sounds. I sat down in a chair. It was moved, silently; it seemed as if the very earth was opening by some earthquake. I felt the chair move, I knew not by what power. It seemed to be at sea in an ocean of unfathomable mystery. Many more such feats as these were performed, when at last something like composure was regained, and I sat alone with a card in my hand. I waited according to her directions to hear those telegraphic sounds spell out a name. The names that rose to my memory were my husband, my child, my father, my brother, the dearest and most precious of my loved ones; these were unanswered. I eagerly waited, but the sounds passed to the initials of each one's name. I felt at least sufficiently interested to become bitterly disappointed, but following out the track that these sounds presented, they spell a name that I had not before remembered, another I could not recall to memory, and yet another name were spelled out. At last it spelled out the name of a venerable lady who had died a few months before. I had been accustomed only to think of her by her surname. I had found a true Christian sister. It was the name of a foreigner from a far distant land, whom no one present but myself had ever heard of.

I must pass over most of the events of that seance which lasted over three hours, during which time these same telegraphic sounds recited one after another the names of many of my beloved friends, their ages, and a great variety of facts connected with them, so that they were all clearly identified each one with the full name. I felt that here was a power of mind. There was wisdom there that was not of the earth.

This was the result of my first seances. With the notes that I made of that wonderful revelation, I passed out into the keen winter air, but in that three hours I had passed over a gulf which will never, never again be bridged over, that gulf of mystery which leads to the vast realms of supernaturalism, over which for thousands of years, the pall of mystery between our beloved and our selves has hung. It was now rent in twain. I knew the air was full of spirit people, that they looked into my glad eyes, that the world was full of them. These were the thoughts with which I returned to my home and laid my notes before my mother, hoping that she would be the first that I might lead up to a belief in spirits, the sacred spirits of the dead yet living. She was shocked at the thought, and it was long before she could consent even to hear those notes. The thought seemed like a burden to her mind. She told me that it it were indeed true that I had come under such a fatal delusion, mother and child must part forever. No—she could endure anything, terrible thoughts, and retain its sanity. I read her my notes. I read them in the simplicity of truth, and when they were completed and all her shrewd questions were answered, a fresh light broke upon her. My dear mother perceived that here was a wonderful revelation, a revelation which required far more explanation than either the enthusiasm or the fanaticism of the believer, had been able to give. Here were given through sounds and movements of tables, details and facts, which no human being but herself and myself could have known.

The medium whom I visited informed me from the first that I was a medium myself, destined to a great work. She told me that I had been brought there by spirits. I thought that she was but repeating her lessons, but when I reminded her of this, and told her that it was by such methods of development that the latent power was called forth, and that this would put me on my guard against the fanaticism rather than lead me into it, she smiled at me. In the presence of three or four companions and with a perpetual distrust for me, two or three evenings I saw a table around which I did not understand what the devotees sat was to be, or what method to pursue. When I found the visions of former times returned to me I could not connect this with Spiritualism. It was therefore determined that I should visit another medium whom it was supposed could call forth the latent powers of mediumship by what is called development. I placed every guard around this, for fear that some practice might be exercised upon me. The evening I sat in the presence of that medium, well known in the city of New York, a strange sensation came over me. That I was myself a medium for spirits so fully possessed my mind, that not a doubt has ever passed over it from that hour, that they can and do influence me. During several hours, in the presence of a very large circle and several mediums, several of whom offered to one, and I in turn to them, evidences of the presence of many departed spirits. Still I was unable to judge of the power. Nothing but a dim memory remained with me.

Again I was determined to retreat from this awful mysterious presence, when some one asked me whether I could not recall some evidence to myself, would I not ask for one of my own spirit friends? When immediately a drawing of a ship was handed me by a medium. I perceived there a graphic manifestation, a gun frigate, I recognized under it the name Vixen, and above it a line written, the last words ever spoken to me by a dead sailor brother, who died on board the ship Vixen.

In parting from me he waved his tarpaulin, and called out to me the charge to procure for his mother an old seaman. That charge was there, and with it the drawing of the ship which had been to him his grave, and encircled his precious name, unknown to any one present but myself. I ask you to recall your own experiences in the same direction, and when the world sneers and scoffs at these truths, I ask if they do not speak to you as they did to me with trumpet tongues, louder than ever spoke from pulpit or rostrum,—proclaiming the presence of the immortals.

Eighteen months from that time, I was required by those spirits who now became to me individual friends, to commence speaking the story of the long ago through the variety of these manifestations, proclaiming to me that they all still lived and still loved and that I was dear to the midst of them. From those dear and beloved friends, I received a charge to devote these powers freely to the world, and for eighteen months I sat as a public medium, free of charge. But the experiences that were thus brought to my door, that were opened at my table, that were presented at my circles, were priceless, became mountains of wealth to me, opened up to me a knowledge of the spirit country and its inhabitants, such as I never could have obtained from all the pulpits and schools of philosophy. At the end of the time I determined to break the spell. I should return to my own country. I was only wasting my mother's little means; exhausting myself and giving way to a power which I had not fully learned to trust. The experiences of our lives are not all known to us, but it is hard to change them. I could not run against the prevailing spiritual conditions of my own mind, and whilst at the spirit circle, the triumphant delight of entrancement and the joy of communion under the magnetic forces, the broken voice was restored at least to give it power.

The enjoyment that I realized at the spirit circle were placed in the one scale, and the bitter conventional prejudices were placed in the other. I would again the Old Book and turn to some of its terrible warnings. I believed that it was the last day, and that I was deceived by speaking spirits. Under such feelings as these, I determined to break through the chains. I persuaded that I could use it suddenly.

I long d much to draw the memory of this wild and wierd career. I thought I would return to the mother country, but this dear America had begun to wind herself around my heart, and I could not tear to part all at once. I would stay. I would apply for some situation. I applied for such employment as I could derive support from my abilities as a teacher of music. I would go into a family and place myself in the position of a dependent, rather than continue in the course I was engaged. I desired no other recompense than would enable me to care for my beloved mother. Every answer that came was from a Spiritualist. They could not know who the unknown advertiser was, yet strange to say, not one responded but a Spiritualist. I repeated the advertisement. From that moment, a fresh form of persecution came upon me. Every medium that I saw, said: "You must go out and lecture." My experience at the Poughkeepsie Seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, said:

"Emma, you must go out and lecture."

It seemed as if the magic of his voice had possessed every friend I had. Some approached me except with the same strange and hackneyed phrase. It seemed an utter impossibility to me, who had ever shrunk back from all that the world had condemned as unseeline in a woman, without the least conception that she who placed herself up on the public rostrum I had, was doing very much the same as one who stands upon a public rostrum for the purpose of instructing the people. "Strong minded woman," was the phrase with which I had been accustomed to hear such spoken of. I could stand upon the stage, a minute to amuse the people, but the other, never. This shows you what a vast mountain of obstacles my spirit friends had to encounter ere they could bend me to the high and holy purpose that they designed for me. They stand without the gates even at the very moment when we are closing them against them.

Again and again, the same answers were perpetually returned, until at last one prominent man, who repeated the popular cry, but having entered into conversation with him, confided the secret of my grief and my desire to escape from the psychological web in which I was enclosed. He told me he was commissioned by the Spirits of Troy, New York, to find some one speakers for them. Whilst I was rejecting his offer in the most positive manner, a trance medium came into my apartment, and poured forth a long communication, describing the glowing form what I should do and closing with an earnest request that I should prepare for it immediately, commencing a new work of life which had long been pointed out by spirits. Our work alone was given to me to prepare. During that time I wrote many lectures, but the spirits who now seemed to hold me under their influence—they actually informed me that they should take away my sight if I attempted to read. I took with me the venerable old Bible, thinking that when I failed I should recite such passages as I believed adapted for that purpose. With that design I went for the first time to the city of Troy. When I arrived at the place where I was to lecture, I was taken upon the platform with my bible in hand and the various passages which I had determined to read. Such the sagest music voiced in my ears, a fresh meaning in music, a meaning of which I could dishearse and give you such a glorious perception of what music really is, that I was able to realize what is the speech of the angels,—the voice of Deity. A new era of perception seemed to dawn upon my mind. The audience there transformed before me, I saw no faces, I saw their spirits, some dark and some gleaming in brightness. I could have read off the secret history of every one. Whilst I was engaged in this strange speculation, a voice sounded in my ears that seemed to come from a long distance, yet I was left interested in its utterances and would follow its sentences, and then it would pass away, and strange characters moved before me. Thus my hour was passed. I seemed then to recall to myself that for one hour I had been speaking. The words had poured from my lips, neither like a lesson that had been learned, nor as my own utterances—something that I was compelled to perform that was exceedingly pleasant to me at times and exceedingly painful at others, for I partook of many sensations, but still the words were poured forth.

Shortly after this, I stood before a Philadelphia audience. From the Minutes of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, we take the following extract:

"Oct 22d, 1869. The lecture committee report that Emma Hardinge, of New York, lectured on Sunday, the 10th, in the morning, on "Truth and Spiritual gifts;" in the evening on "Is piratical and medium-hip." On the 22nd, in the morning, on "Progressive;" in the evening on "Magic." They were very able and eloquent lectures.) From that moment, the same power has constantly been with me for twelve years. From the first manifestation of spirit power to me upon the public rostrum, I was charged by the spirits to yield up my destiny concerning the speaking entirely to their hands. "Walk in your life yourself," said they, "every act you perform, every thought you think, those you are responsible for, but in the work you do for the spirits, we will take charge of every action. Whenever you walk in the path which the spirits have directed, they alone must guide you, they alone will the hand of the Great Spirit can support you." This was my work, that I should never seek for engagements; that I should never make any effort to realize for myself funds; that I should never pander to the press; that I should never compromise the truth to the pulpit; that I should stand firm by the truth I had embraced, and leave the rest of my destiny to my spirit guides. They had been just and

Continued on fourth page.

THE SPIRITS AND ELDER KNAPP.

Reply of the old Mohawk Chieftain, to Elder Knapp, the Great American Revivalist.

From the Evening Wisconsin.

GIVEN THROUGH DR. W. RENINO, MEDIUM, OF MILWAUKEE.

We give below the full statement of the spirit of the the old Mohawk Indian, given through a medium, in reply to a discourse of Elder Knapp on Tuesday evening last, in which he declared the spirit manifestations to be a reality, but hit the works of the Devil. The old Mohawk claims to have been in the upper hunting ground more than a hundred years. He was formerly, he says, a chief and medicine man. His reply, which is given literally, with a few grammatical corrections, is one of the most remarkable contributions to spirit literature.

REPLY OF THE INDIAN.

"Good preacher Knapp thinks the devil is on his tracks, sure. Me and other dog-houses got round him to-night, when he became too rough, and we bothered him all up, and he lost the run of his discourse. We can do it any time. The elder has a band of twelve spirits about him; they were all old preachers, who stick to their old earth ideas, and are not yet attracted to enlightened spirits; and the enlightened spirits are not disposed to interfere till they ask or desire it.

We shall not harm the elder, of a sure. We shall try to enlighten him and help him lift his load. Faith is good, but knowledge is better. And first, let him throw off the green blanket, and be guided by the highest light within him. Let him know that everybody who performs a good act, and helps men and women when they are in trouble, and bids them sin no more, is Christ like. Let me tell him that the best way to convert people in these times, is to speak to the higher order of their natures. And let me privately hint to him that he can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar; that he can draw in souls by portraying God's love, than by portraying His wrath and hatred. Frightening people into the church is not the way to make good Christians, and make them stick. It was a primitive idea, and is passing away with the age of steam and telegraphs and printing presses.

About a war in heaven or a devil in heaven, which you picture, we can hardly understand it. If there was ever a war in heaven, it must have been away back in a low age of spirits, of which we have no record. We can imagine a powder mill down under the watercourse ocean, but not a devil in heaven. Heaven is peace.

Mother Eve represents a very early period of earth life, when the human was very closely allied to the brute. She was naked and ignorant like a beast. If she had not ate of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, she would have been a beast still. She then saw her nakedness, and took the first step forward to clothe herself. The devil should not be abused for starting her onward in this respect.

Jesus came. Jesus was healer. Jesus was a medium. Let this fact be remembered forevermore. He was the highest medium that has yet appeared on earth, and through him were spoken the highest truths that were ever given to man. And yet Jesus was crucified because he was a medium; because he was a "blasphemer;" because he was "possessed of a devil," in the same manner that Elder Knapp describes mediums to be to day.

The Spirit World is the real world. All that has been known or revealed of the Spirit World has come from those in spirit life, influencing the human brain. Moses and Elias were the guides and attending spirits of Jesus from the time of his conception till his spirit left the body. They talked through his organs. There was another class of influences who tried to operate on Jesus. These others tried to influence him to hold to the old Jewish order of things. They told him they would make him ruler if he would adhere to them. Moses and Elias wanted him to reveal the new order of things—that man should live in the higher order of his brain, where he could reverence Deity, and see that men were all linked together as brothers and sisters, and had one common father and destiny, and that their life should be perpetuated beyond a doubt.

Jesus was in the wilderness forty days. He was there in solitude, entranced, developing his spiritual nature as a medium. He went up into a high mountain, with his disciples, who sat with him, and were influenced by spirits around them. The devils that were cast out and cast into swine were simply diseases. The seven devils that were cast out of Mary Magdalene, were seven diseases also. Jesus was a friend to Mary, though she was a polygamist, a doctress and a medium. Lazarus was not dead, but simply entranced, his spirit still holding connection with his body. The Nazarene quickened the spirit, and cured the disease, and the spirit resumed its wonted control. God, Himself, can not raise a physical body to life, after the spirit has entirely left it. Neither can unite them again. Nor can God alter a law of nature for a moment. If the laws of nature were suspended but for a second, all creation would fly back to a formless void, and E der Knapp, himself, would perish into nonentity.

There was no record of Jesus' sayings for nearly four hundred years after his ascension. Then inspiration began to flow through human organism, and his original sayings were given and repeated by the spirits to the inhabitants of the earth. Most of his sayings were given correctly, and they apply to human life as well to-day as then.

The spirits do not wish to destroy or change anything in the Scriptures that is in harmony with reason and common sense. If they are in conflict with reason, you may know that so far they are imperfect. We wish to show that all things are governed by law, and that nothing exists outside of law.

We try to harm none, not separate families; we wish to teach them how to live, one with another, and be happy.

The pagan world, you say, worship the devil. If they think their devil is more human than your personal God, let them worship him.

Religion and ministers have made many hypocrites. So manifestations from the lower grade of spirits have spoiled a few weak minds. We shall correct this in time.

The marvellous California doings which the elder describes, were given merely to show that there was life existing beyond the confines of the body; that spirits had power over the physical; that by the aid of the physical strength of some people, they could draw from their magnetism, condense the elements that surround them, and move poodrath's bodies.

The elder attributes a good deal more power to the devil than to the Big Spirit. The devil, he says, controls all the rulers of the earth, and pretty near all the clergy.

He can go into the sanctuary and transform himself into a white angel or black angel. He can control many thousand mediums in all parts of the world at the same time, and yet he is a "personal devil."

All spirits, he says, who come back to earth and give intelligence through mediums, are devils. Then Moses and Elias, who communicated through Jesus, were devils. And Jesus himself, who appeared to Mary, and Paul, and all of the apostles, was a devil. An angel wrestled with Jacob, and that angel must have been a devil. Moses saw a spirit in the burning bush, and that spirit must have been a devil. If devils can come back so readily and appear to mortals, why can not saints come?

Let me tell Elder Knapp, with all the realities and truths of spirit life surrounding me, that throughout all God's dominions, there is no being called a devil. Let me tell him that we, whom he calls the emissaries of the devil, are commissioned by the Most High God; that His law compels us to do three things; that our mission to earth is just as sacred with us as was that of Jesus. Our mission is to do you good, to heal, to instruct, to lead you upward, to assure you of spirit existence. We wish to make it known to mortals that spirits congregate together in the Spirit World so you do in this; that we don't leave the earth spheres till we have learned all knowledge needful for us to know; that here is still our home, our attachments, our earth friends, and we shall abide with them long.

All life tends upward from the lowest forms to God. What seems evil to you of earth, we see here, to be obstructions, diseases, undeveloped good. You see man divided in sects, races, orders and conditions; we see you all as of one blood and one family.

The spirit manifestations have come to stay. They will not be gone in a hundred years, nor in a thousand. Before this century is closed, they will be as well understood and recognized as the workings of the magnetic telegraph. The spirits have always tried to hold communication with mortals, but earth life has not been fully ready for them till now. They killed Jesus. They stoned the prophets. The Salem witches, who were nothing but mediums, were believed to be agents of the devil, and were hung without judge or jury. The spirits in later years, had withdrawn from tangible manifestations, till they could work the earth's inhabitants along by discoveries and enlightenment, and explain these manifestations to them by law.

The spirits first discovered to earth mortals the laws of electricity and the method of communicating intelligence over telegraphic wires. Spirits simply then came specific modes in communicating intelligence. The people are now so enlightened by science and telegraphic knowledge, that they can sufficiently understand the laws of spirit communications, and are ready to receive them. Mediums may yet be reviled and denounced as of the devil, by benighted men, but they will never again be burned, or hung, or nailed on the cross of crucifixion. Their work of love and ministration to earth mortals will now go on; the age will advance; a new era has opened upon the world."

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

The Royal Road to Knowledge.

BY G. W. LASCELL.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL, we saw an article from the pen of our good Brother J. M. Winslow, headed, "Eternal Vigilance the Price of Liberty," in which he argues that, as Spiritualism has attained its majority (twenty-one years of age), that we are old enough and numerous enough to go into business for ourselves, and urges the "college enterprise" as of paramount importance, and asks, "Can Spiritualists boast of a college?" We are happy in being able to answer no—that no four walls of a building costing "$200,000," more or less, has yet been erected for the purpose of enclosing a few choice Spiritualists, into whose hands shall be committed many or few young and tender shoots to be moulded and fashioned according to the whims or caprices of any bloated aristocracy; for be it known that organized Spiritualists can be as bigoted as any sect or class of persons under heaven. The organization of Spiritualists has been most persistently urged for several years past, and the time of its accomplishment is apparently as remote as ever.

We as Spiritualists have a college "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and on the earth; its professors and educators are the angels, and education therein is as free as the air we breathe, is of the highest grade that the most ambitious mortal can aspire to, is the most easily attained, and of the most value when attained. Why would you go or send your sons and daughters away to a Spiritual College to learn that which is freely offered at your door? There is nothing within the realms of science that may not be had at home, or wherever there are two or three gathered together in its name, for its reception.

Spiritualism, though older by thousands of years than any other form of religion, is far from having arrived at its majority; we have hardly learned its A, B, C, and yet what we do get from that source is far in advance of what is taught in the old established colleges of the land, in proof of which we can with confidence point to the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in which new ideas with reference to what has been supposed to be well-established principles in science and religion, have been started, and are being followed out to their ultimate conclusions.

There is not a single known science that is not being overhauled, criticised and corrected by the direct interposition of angel educators in each department, who have labored centuries in the Spirit World to unlearn what they had learned amiss in this, and who are now, and have been labouring with untiring zeal to educate the people aright; but who had to contend with the rubbish of the past ages before they could bring to bear a new foundation, which first made its appearance twenty-one years ago; and we have seen a grand structure steadily progressing from year to year, till it is not to be wondered at that Bro Winslow begins to feel that he, or Spiritualism, is of age. The progress that Spiritualism has made, and is making, is truly marvelous; it seems to have settled down upon the whole world like a dense fog, and the old orthodox pilots are ringing their bells vigorously, for fear of a collision and total annihilation. Mediums are multiplying rapidly all over the land, and spirits are making their power felt in the churches, in private families (which is, in courts of justice and in the by ways and hedges. Planchette has executed a grand flank movement and captured the enemy by thousands, and the manifestations are becoming more varied and powerful year by year. There is not a single manifestation of spirit presence and power but has a far greater a guiltence than the great majority of Spiritualists are aware of; each one is an index finger pointing to some great and useful development in science, not yet made known. Take, for example, the instantaneous separation of a solid iron ring, and uniting it again around the neck of a medium, the after one is now in respiration holding him. Think you that this is done merely to convince a few unwilling sceptics of the reality of a life beyond the tomb? Do you imagine for one moment that the law by which this is done will not be made known for the benefit of mankind? And did you ever consider the inestimable value of such a revelation to the world? that juggling trick (?) as it is called by our college Professors?

Would you send your children to college to learn the law by which it is done? Could or would the professors do more than blind the eyes to the great truth because to them unknown? Suppose a $200,000 Spiritual College was in full blast to-day, would not that proud institution have a reputation to maintain? and are you quite sure its professors would require any new revelation in science that was not first made known through them? Suppose there was such an institution in every State in the Union, have you any guarantee that they would not be so many stumbling blocks in the way of progress, or that a better education would not be vouchsafed to those outside their walls? Out but you say there are certain important branches to be taught which are indispensable as a foundation of learning, such as mathematics, astronomy, chemistry and geology. Did either of these originate in college? Nay, verily; each had to be *forced*, upon the world-be wise ages from ages to age down to the present, and now that they are generally accepted and taught in all the colleges of the land, they have scarcely commenced to fathom their depth or realize their importance; and it is given "to the babes and sucklings" of the present generation to teach, the hoary headed sages of our bigoted institutions of learning.

The important lessons that are being given by the family firesides and in the by-ways and hedges, are ignored and scouted, as were certain problems in mathematics, developments in chemistry, discoveries in astronomy and geology in past ages. The combined talent of all the learned mathematicians in the world could not solve a problem in a week, that the renowned Safford boy and Zera Colburn, of Vermont, could solve mentally in five minutes; and yet, when the former had got to be old enough to leave his mother, he was sent to a popular college in Cambridge to be educated; and never, since he entered the vestibule of that institution, have you heard of any of the wonderful exploits of that remarkable youth, who astonished the world before he knew the multiplication table. William Denton could teach the oldest and most experienced geologist in the world before he ever opened a book treating upon that subject. Hudson Tuttle can give you better ideas in astronomy and world making, than all the professors combined. A. J. Davis discovered planets and published the fact of their existence and locality several years before the same were discovered by professional astronomers. There are hundreds of clairvoyants who can see every organ of the human system as clearly as if the body was made of glass, and point out the diseased parts with unerring certainty, and prescribe proper remedies for the cure of the same, who never entered a medical college (God save the mark), or found it necessary to rob a graveyard, or study a Latin phrase.

This particular phase of mediumship has become so general that medical men of every school are accepting it as a revealed science, and making such use of it only, as is consistent with the maintenance of their dignity and safety as an institution of the land.

Who educated Cora L. V. Tappan, A. J. Davis, Nettie J. T. Brigham, Lizzie Doten, C. Fannie Allyn and hosts of others, who could successfully dispute with the learned D. Ds. when they were mere children? And we might as well ask who taught Jesus and the fishermen of Galilee, and made them educators of the people, ministers of God for the salvation of a proud and educated aristocracy; and answer, the same inspiring spirit that is prevalent to-day, which has been so wonderfully manifested "in these latter days"—these twenty one years last past. Even the so called Spiritual mountebanks, who are as innocent of a college training, as an honest man is of the mysteries of a Faro Bank, are giving lessons in chemistry and the most occult of nature's forces, that baffle the skill of the most scientific to comprehend, and it is thus that the weak things of the world are confounding the mighty and putting them to flight by thousands.

These inspired ones are the real disturbers of the peace, and as they approach, the professors cry out, "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou ignorant son of a——carpenter. These are the pioneers in education; it is these who are bringing to light the hidden things in nature, and of consequence must be made the laughing stock of the would be conservators of our Religious faculties, for which to offend, it would be far better if a mill-stone was fastened to their necks and they cast into the middle of the sea.

Spiritualists and others will, ere long, awake to the important fact, that the gifts of God and the angel world are not to be organized—that God is no respector of persons, places or institutions; that all truths are immutable, God-given, and the knowledge thereof alone attainable by all, the high and the low, the rich and the poor.

We do not ignore the importance of colleges or churches even, they are all good in their time and place; but all are being modified by the genius of men, women and children of the present generation, who are infused to the old established theories and customs. These form the left wing of the grand army of reform; the right wing composed of the assumed orthodox in science and religion, are constantly preaching on the left and occupying its ground, while the left is as constantly moving forward, occupying new ground, exploring new fields of thought, developing new ideas and principles hitherto unknown. This is the mission of Spiritualism. Its field is the world, and its ministers, the ignorant Hodge men of our time, who can boast of no high sounding titles as M. D., D. D., F. R. S., L. L. D., etc., as appendages to their names, and by whom the so called humanity are being led onward and upward like the bull to the shambles, while contesting the ground inch by inch, but to find themselves standing upon the ground of the so they have assailed; and thus old dogmas and established ideas gradually pass away and give place to the new.

The institution of learning which would admit the utmost freedom of opinion upon all subjects, would be improved upon the present institutions of the day, we freely admit, but that such could be established and carried on successfully we have not the slightest hope or expectation, from the simple fact that the tendency would be to foundation. Suppose for example, such an institution was already in operation, having for its professors the *Fellows composing of the Cleveland Convention* who denounced unceremoniously *their God-given* would be heralded abroad as the *standard*; and their decision would be quoted as the accepted belief and opinion of the Spiritualists of America."

No, Brother, Good-bye! that the bull of our ship should be encumbered with such barnacles. You ask "Why it is that the fact of our having no college is staring us in the face?"

Our answer is, because Spiritualism is most emphatically God's work, and we see His infinite wisdom displayed in thwarting all efforts tending to organization for sectarian purposes; and we confidently predict that all efforts in that direction will prove as abortive in the future as they have in the past. More than eighteen hundred years ago, Christ rebuked this same spirit that is prevalent to-day among the organizers, by asking, "Who among you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" And we are constrained to ask, how much longer, O Lord, before mankind (and Spiritualists especially), will learn that there is a ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE; that inspiration, like the atmosphere, surrounds us continually, and that when the mind and body are properly developed, we shall drink it in as naturally as the flowers of the field drink in the sun light of day, and the dews of heaven by night.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY W. F. TOWLINSON.

The lark climbs up the ether state,
The dew upon his cheeky wing,
And all the e ngs he seemed to sing,
Are lost in valorious depths of air.

Our aspirations mount so far,
Our longings are as little heard,
As the faint warblings of a bird
Within the orbit of a star.

Yet still the bird of heaven sings,
Though none of earth may feel the thrill
And though the note be all in vain,
Song to the singer solace brings.

☞ Amos B. Kendall, a prominent politician of General Jackson's time, lately died.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Letter from Dr. H. F. Fairfield.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The beautiful form is ever before me in all of my travels among the people. Thy truthful voice of life, immortality and heavenly communion, is heard in all the wide-spread earth. Reform and progress is thy universal watchword in the civil, literary and religious institutions. Thy philosophical voice of love and wisdom is bringing mankind to appreciate the manifestations of thy spirit, so that they can now catch sweet glimpses of the dawning light of heaven, and enjoy the blessed society of their departed friends and relatives. Thou art harmonious, and truly brave in thy noble work of uprooting the useless and destructive errors of the Church and State, which have so long burdened and oppressed the body and mind of humanity—that terrible system which teaches that God is a jealous, cruel, avenging Being. It is no wonder to me that men, women and even children become selfish, jealous and bloodthirsty, after meditating upon their terrible God. O, degraded, blinded, misguided souls, how think ye that the Angel World look upon the prayers and sacrifices which are offered with such thoughts to such a being? Call not him God whom ye thus ignorantly worship. Dear friends, you can not make any progress, enjoy religion and become useful while tormented with such frightful phantoms and guided by such men as are interested in perpetuating your ignorance, and imposing upon you the double yoke of moral and temporal power. You will find it to be a hard, difficult course—confused, fearing to reason and unable to extricate yourself from the labyrinth in which you have been so long wandering. If you will think, reason and investigate for yourself, you will positively be able to prove all things pertaining to Spiritualism, and hold fast to that which is good. You will have no reason to despair. You will not be left alone to struggle longer in the terrible web of theological error. Behold the deliverers are near to bless and encourage you, even your departed friends, God's ministering spirits, and then there is the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, BANNER OF LIGHT, and other means of intellectual grace near to aid you in the work of reform, to reveal to you the glorious heights of wisdom and purity, which you may yet attain. They really unfold the ever tuning path of progress, and point to the glories of the ever coming future. The JOURNAL is the great magnet by which the Western World of mankind is drawn heavenward! The BANNER OF LIGHT is the sun whose fadeless light warms and strengthens the hearts of the children of men, in the Eastern Hemisphere! The mediumistic souls are the fountains of life whose streams go forth in all the world, far away over and through all the wastes of human life, way down among all the biting places of the guilty, where the tear of human sympathy is seldom shed, where sin, ignorance and wretchedness exists,—there they flow to cleanse and purify the corrupt and gross! Think not that such principles which are advocated by the JOURNAL and BANNER are weak, for they are not—they are positive, and as high as heaven, as deep as the earth, and as broad as God's infinite, universal, unlimited love; they are all-powerful and all pervading, and will extend wherever the works of God exist. There is a fullness here which can satisfy the hopes and desires of humanity, a fullness in which man and woman may live, move and have their progressive being, unshackled.

O let us, then, faithfully sustain this heaven-descending gospel of Spiritualism. We have money enough, power enough, love, truth and wisdom enough, perhaps; but still we lack one or more things—viz: moral courage and decision of character. God and His ministering spirits help us with this development.

My prayer was partially answered in Thompson, Ohio, where I have just given a course of spiritual lectures, which were listened to by all that could crowd into the church. Spiritualism in Thompson is a powerful, like the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Brother Jones,—long may you live to bless humanity with your philosophical voice of truth. The people in Thompson are bound to have the JOURNAL, as you will see by the names and money that I send you with this letter:

Mr. E. Stockwell,	$3.00
Mr. Henry Hulbert,	3.00
Mrs. H. M. Fitz,	2.00
Mr. Edward Hulbert,	3.00
E. T. Mellon,	50
Total,	$14 50.

All of Thompson, Ohio. Please visit them and oblige. Yours in work and worship of all truth,

DR H. F. FAIRFIELD.

Geneva, Ohio, Nov. 15, 1869.

[Willbother speakers assist in circulating the JOURNAL.—ED. JOURNAL]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Geology vs. Genesis.

BY INQUIRER.

I send you below what I consider proofs of the above heading. Nothing is more certain as an erroneous data, than the period of creation as given by Moses. Sir Chas. Lyell says:

"All geologists have arrived at the same conclusion respecting the great antiquity of the globe, and that, too, in opposition to the popular prejudices of an impulse popular belief of the age. Epochs of vast duration are fully established by the nature of the organic remains of plants and animals that characterize the different formations, while the very intervals that separate these formations are evidences of other periods hardly less astonishing." The valley of the Mississippi is made land. It is computed by Sir Chas. Lyell to contain 20,000 square miles, and the depth of the deposits is over 500 feet, and the smallest complement of time required for its formation, founded upon the average deposit in a century, is 100,000 years

Agassiz computes the formation of the coral reefs of Florida to have taken more than 150, 000 years, judging from the present rate of their growth. Hudson Tuttle says, "150,000 years ago at least, the Indian propelled his canoe on the Mississippi's flood, the gull and alive the Florida reefs. This conclusion is as legitimate as any deduction of science." He further says: "In making an excavation at New Orleans, an Indian skull was found beneath four cypress forests. The time necessary to produce each of these cypress strata, is estimated at 14,000 years, or 57,000 years since the skull was deposited. Now, allowing the time to be over estimated, still the evidence of that man's existence on the earth long before the period of man's creation as given by Moses, is overwhelming. The fossil records of a man found in the coast line stone of Florida, from data furnished by the growth of the land, is estimated by Agassiz at 135,000 years old. But the most indubitable proof that the earth is vastly more than 6,000 years old is the age of a cypress tree, which flourished in Mexico, which measured 40½ feet in diameter. The rings or layers of wood contained in 20½ feet, or one-half the diameter according to the lowest number counted in an inch (93 counted in other trees) number in the aggregate more than 23,000 layers of wood or years.

The whole Christian system is dependent upon the truth of the first chapter of Genesis—as the fall of man, the necessity of the atonement and the curse of God on which the doctrine of endless misery is predicated. If man had an existence many thousands of years prior to the Mosaic account, that account must be false, and the incidents connected with that period erroneous.

Washington D. C., Sept. 27, 1869.

Voices from the People.

MRS. IRA CAGWIN.

Letter from Samuel Eddy.

DEAR SIR:—A short time since, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Ira Cagwin, of Jeffersonville, Ind., as good a test medium as we have for writing, and as I have been one of the readers of our blessed JOURNAL since its first publication, I shall stick to it as long as there is any rags left to make the paper for it to be printed upon. I take the liberty of giving you a description of a seance with the above named lady.

Mr and Mrs. Cagwin are a congenial and happy couple, surrounded with three bright and intelligent children, a truly harmonious family.

I bought them out, and, introducing myself, I received a very cordial invitation to witness such manifestations as the spirits could give; and although I did not receive any personal test, yet I saw that which gave me entire satisfaction—that the lady is one of the best mediums in this country.

The stand used was an ordinary bed-room wash-stand, with a drawer which I examined very carefully. The drawer was filled with old letters and papers. The room was fully lighted. A shawl was thrown over the stand and a slate and pencil held under it, when immediately the pencil was heard moving upon the slate, giving unmistakable evidence that nothing but a spirit could do the writing. They do not receive any compensation for their seance.—will not take any when offered, and, as I learned upon inquiry, are wealthy and very highly respected.

I should not have troubled you with this letter had I not seen a production from some Indianapolis savant, explaining how he supposed the manifestations were done, and spreading his suppositions before the public as facts which would have some weight with those not knowing her to be a lady above reproach.

It would be a pleasure for me to give the particulars of the seance, but I will not trespass upon your patience more.

Fraternally thine,

SAMUEL EDDY.

MRS. BIRNEY.

The Controlling Influence Changed.

OLIVE G. PETTS, MEDIUM.

I have investigated the subject concerning Mrs. Birney's being controlled, as mentioned in several of the Western papers, and assure you, friends, and I know her controller, having remonstrated with him about holding to his old ideas in preference to the true light he can command if he makes the proper effort. Tas argument he used to me was this:

"He had always made it a rule to hold fast what he was sure of, instead of running the risk of adopting new ideas."

The control has now been broken by a band of influences that are determined she shall no longer be controlled by him. You can investigate the matter farther, and if you do not find my statement to be correct about her control being changed, then you need not publish what I shall hereafter give to bless humanity. God has blest me by giving me one through whom I can breathe out my whole soul; and if you find room for us in your columns, we shall seek to contribute largely on scientific subjects, in order to assist you, brother, in spreading the light. My friend, the writer, may make her own signature, but I will subscribe my own.

LILAH, KING of ancient Arabia.

An Inquirer.

LETTER FROM A. W. UTLEY

I am an anxious inquirer after the truth, and more particularly as to the truth of modern Spiritualism. I have just awaked to the matter. It is a question about which I never took a thought until very recently, and at this time I feel intensely interested.

About two weeks ago I called at a man's house some eight or nine miles east of Alton, and whilst there, I accidentally saw the JOURNAL, which I borrowed, read and re read and read again, and I am not satisfied, and hence I am writing to you.

If my neighbors like it as well as I do when they see it, I have no fear but that I can get a dozen subscribers. I never saw a publication of any kind whatever on modern Spiritualism, until the one I have just stated.

I have seen extracts of what was called a refutation of Spiritualism, and I have often heard men of learning, and who have the reputation of being of good sense, pronounce it, to be all a humbug, and hence I did fail to give the matter an investigation.

W. W. UTLEY.

Voice from Minnesota.

LETTER FROM MRS. L. L. INGALLS.

BRITHER JONES.—Your JOURNAL, my brother, has become a mighty thoroughfare through which the angel messenger is disseminated in so many families. Accept my hearty appreciation of your paper, and of your noble work, may angel watchers ever be like a wall of fire round about you. For myself I rejoice in its teachings, and most gladly do I welcome the weekly visitor, that I can sit down with my husband and refresh ourselves with the fountain of living water.

L. L. INGALLS.

Letter from J. H. Wortman.

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of Oct. 15, is at hand, and in reply thereto, I would say that your paper was sent to me by a friend in accordance with your notice to send the same to new subscribers at the rate of fifty cents for three months. My time, as you will see by the matter on the wrapper, expired Sep. 11th. My attention was called to it on the 1st of Oct. Not being able to pay for it, I told the post master to return it. I would not do without the JOURNAL, I would not be without the JOURNAL, I would not be without the JOURNAL, if I could not do it any cheaper than I can. I am a man that lives by his mediumistic powers, honest, can't drink whiskey, chew tobacco or steal newspapers. Respectfully yours,

J. H. WORTMAN.

REMARKS.—Dear brother, I am not publishing the JOURNAL as a matter of speculation, but for the good I can do humanity.

Your poverty may be the result of your mediumship—that has been the case from the days of the gentle Nazarene, to the present day. They have not had a place to even lay their heads, and we are sorry to say that Spiritualists, even, seem to care but little about it. You shall have the paper.

R. E. Holbrook, writing from Somerville, Mass., says:

"All you JOURNAL, the wayfaring man, though a fool indeed, need not err, as he is presented, in a simple and philosophical light, the grand equilibrium of truth."

☞ Jeremy Taylor says: "Cheerfulness and festival spirit fills the soul with harmony; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MEDIA: OR THE CHARMED LIFE:

A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery

BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE,—BETROTHMENT,—ENVY,—PRIDE.

It was a beautiful afternoon on which Randolph Halfres, with Annie Rodgers by his side, urged his prancing bays over the broad avenue leading out of the city into the blooming country. The weather was fine and the scenery charming, which contributed to exert an exhilirating power over them, for both appeared in happy buoyant spirit.

"Annie," spake Randolph, with some trepidation in his voice, "it seems useless for me longer to resist the impulses of my heart sentiments. I have often pictured bright fancies of a happy future. Yourself, my kind angel of light, I have dreamed beneath thy happy smile, fond dreams of bliss and ceaseless love—of a lovely homestead scene, where all of joy was ours. Tell me then, dear st, will you be mine? "Quick the bloom of color flew to Annie's fair face. "Quicker came the pulsations of her throbbing heart, and a happy smile beamed upon her lovely features. The confiding girl inclined her head gently, and, whispering the happy "I will," blushed his ready acceptance.

"This, dear Annie," continued the overjoyed Randolph, "is no sudden impulse, formed by convenient circumstances; no fading preferment, but 'tis the holier part of my being that finds utterance now——"

A dashing equipage flew past them gaily. Its inmates, Annie recognized as Media Clairvoyant and Dr. Mildred Sleeper. A passing recognition from each was exchanged, and each vehicle flew on. * * *

As in the midst of "Life" we are in "Death," so called; so, since the opening of our story, Annie has been called to follow to the grave the loved form of her devoted mother, whom, indeed she loved most ardently. And though the gentle Annie's sorrows were not as those who have no hope, yet the all-telling change for a time cast over her life a pall of sadness and gloom. Still she is once again basking in the calm sun-ray of hope. In Randolph she has found a tried and true friend. His attentions now are assiduous, and his congenial sympathy proves soothing balm to her afflicted mind, strengthening indeed the attachment already formed between these souls with but a single thought, "these hearts that beat as one," and explains the readiness with which she accepted his proffered hand. What of their different stations in life: Randolph, the son of a wealthy shipping merchant—she but the modest humble sewing girl. It is enough that they love. Having reached the city again, they had rode leisurely along but a few squares, when, one of the horses shying, became almost unmanageable, and before the pair could be controlled, they ran against a gentleman just crossing the street, knocking him headlong almost to the ground. Annie uttered a loud impulsive scream, in view of the stranger's danger.

Just at twilight though it was, Randolph succeeded at length in drawing in the fractious steeds, and the gentleman crossed unharmed. As he stepped on the sidewalk, in the full glare of the gas-lamp, Annie, recognizing him, exclaimed nervously——

"Oh, Randolph, it is our friend, the Unknown——"

Randolph stopped the vehicle immediately, and sprang out to apologize; but when he looked up for the Unknown, he was gone. "Eccentric, indeed," ejaculated Annie, as Randolph resumed himself beside her again——"Knocked almost prostrate, yet gone so soon. He darts about like an apparition, or like one possessed indeed of a charmed life."

"Eccentric," replied Randolph, "but possessed of a noble self-sacrificing heart."

"Is it true, Randolph, that he is the author of Mrs. Ray's sudden rise and happy change from almost penury to so much comfort and business success?"

"Yes, it is true, true also that she is not the only star in the crown of his rejoicing, who also shines for ever as the loved mementoes of his godlike benevolence. Speaking of Mrs. Ray, she is fast becoming the most tasteful milliner in the city, and her store is one of the finest in the place."

"Yes, and Louisa, her charming daughter, is quite an efficient auxiliary in the business. But here we are at home. I will let you down, drive the horses round to the stables, and be with you again in a few moments——"

"Thank you love—come and welcome." She kissed her hand to him gaily, and disappeared in the doorway. But in an instant she leaned forth, and looked after the form of her lover, until the vehicle turned down the next street.

Annie the betrothed! She thought of her lover's chaste kiss upon her brow, his declaration, and had added a sweet thrill of peculiar happiness glow throughout her breast. A beauty flush suffused her cheeks, as she hastened to her beloved father, to pour over him, and whispered in his ear, timidly, her happy betrothal. At the glad sound, the old man seemed to share her sacred joy, and evaded his pleasure in her choice with the holy signet of the fond parent's warmest kiss.

Randolph was soon in their midst, and the old man, while the big tear of earnest joy moistened his eyes, gave to him the hand of his dutiful daughter, and welcomed him to his friendship as a son. The old man was truly happy, and their evening meal, though humble, was gladsome and sweet to all. As it is written: "Man shall not live by bread alone."

CHAPTER XI.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA,—ROCHESTER NOT THE FIRST SCENE OF THE "MAIS"

To keep even all the mystic threads of our truthful story, we again retrace our steps, and introduce the reader to a company of twenty-five men and others—gathered in their club room in the upper part of Kensington, listening attentively to our youthful author, Clarence Clinton, relating a story for their information and amusement, partially of his own life. He began:

"Well—I would much rather hear a story than tell one to night. But you have all heard more or less of haunted houses. I will give you some of my own experience—a true tale about 'Haunted house.' It is within the memory of some yet living in Kensington, that near where Cohocksink Creek is now nearly run dry, and well-nigh buried, just above Oxford street, there once stood a low one-story thached-roof house. Yet this was not the haunted house, but Mrs. Jeptha Hague, of Quaker origin, though not a Quakeress of the strictest sort lived here for many years. Her husband, after many profitable returns from sea, kissed her an affectionate 'good-bye,' and returned, in the form, no more. The kind hearted Captain Hague was lost at sea. After weeks, months, and years of longing for the return of her companion, the widow at length gave up all hopes of his return, and lived, for a time, in seclusion and gloom.

Captain Hague, on several occasions, brought home with him quite large sums of money, and save them always into his lovely Jeptha's keeping, hence, when she was left a widow, she was in quite easy circumstances, in the possession of several thousand dollars, and a snug little home all her own. Attached to the house was a small farm of several acres which she had worked by a couple of men, and she was enable thus to raise more than a living for themselves on her own soil, without disturbing her little pile of gold.

The house stood beautifully situated in the centre of a nicely cultivated garden, and there was a path leading from the door, through the garden down to a spring of excellent water at the edge of the Creek. The path as it descended to the water edge was fringed, so to speak, with little grassy hillocks and rocks. The place in fact, was not without an air of romance about it, and widow Hague lived here some years in solid comfort.

Jason Booth, the gardener, had often thought of offering himself at the rich widow's feet, and begging her to take him up in the place of her affections once occupied by his former master. But the heart of the widow was devoted solely and for ever to her first love.

Her noble reply to her Scotch gardener's prayer was: "None can ever fill the place left vacant by the lost one at sea. His place can never be filled by another."

She was right. The Scotchman's motives, of course, were mercenary; 'twas not her, but money he loved. His companionship refused with decidedly, thereafter in his object of grasping her property, he soon thought of another way to get the widow's wealth.

Manufacturing, building, and business enterprize generally then was not what it is now. Things laid dormant and unused, and money would not command the bonus it does to day. So widow Hague, as was the habit of others before her, buried her gold beneath the earth. The precise spot where she chose to hide it was singularly beneath a large flat stone at the bed of the path leading down to the spring.

The Scotchman's second plan by which to secure her riches, was to murder her. It was at the close of the day in early Spring, and there were none about the place save the widow and Jason. He was yet in the garden, though about to leave his work for the day, when he espied her, as she cast a white garment about her shoulders, enter the path and walk slowly down the and the running spring. He stealthily watched her through some rye bushes and sweet briars which intertwined between them, until she reached the edge of the creek. He saw her stand upon the large flat stone, and then glance hastily around her. She stooped down, and he darted from the garden unseen, and taking a circuitous course towards the place he came upon him. When her face was from him. Striking her a deadly blow upon the temple, she fell into the creek, and sank to the bottom without seeing her murderer. Both hurried to the house, and ransacking the place, and finding naught of what he sought, fired the premises and about midnight fled the neighborhood.

Years passed away and Casper Rogers, an entire stranger in the place, took up a lot of ground along side of the creek, where it crossed Oxford Street. The ground being marshy, he built the first story of his house of stone, and all above this of wood. Finishing the house, and laying off his yard, the latter quite large, the spring which now was on the inside of his line, had become nearly filled up with rubbish; but he cleaned it out and inclosing it, planted a pump in it for domestic use. But the water which before was unexcelled, now came up tinged with many colors, and rancid to the taste.

Mr. Rodgers, a master draymen, was frequently detained from home until a late hour. Always when he came home about midnight, his horses would prick their ears, start and shy off from the spring, as they entered the yard gate. And the faithful house dog chained in the yard, would start from his kennel, and gazing steadily at the moon, as it shone high upon over the well, mean and howl as if in pain, while an indescribable oppressiveness and mental agitation would seize Rodgers, that he could scarcely put his horses away properly.

It was soon rumored about that the place was haunted. Within the house the doors would often open and close again, apparently of themselves, in fact without the aid of human agency; and the levers of large heavy mahogany table, in the upper rooms, when no one was near, would rise and fall back again with force sufficient to make the building tremble. Once Mrs. Rodgers, having placed some clothes fresh from the laundry in a chair on the second floor, my sister in the evening ran hastily up stairs with out a lamp, as she leaned forward to take up the clothes, met the cold spirit gaze of Mrs. Hague, sitting upon them in the chair, seemingly stared fixedly as she was on the night of her death, all in white. Paralyzed with terror, unused to such sights, Sarah reeled and fell to the base of the stairs, almost insensible *

"Not long subsequent to this," the diary continues, "Mother was standing late one night at the door, awaiting father's return home, when she saw a small white figure start up a few paces from where she stood. As it approached, she thought it a lamb; yet it was not. It approached the spring at a slow and even pace, then disappeared most mysteriously. She followed and searched eagerly for it, but could see it no more; and entered the house and with some trepidation, related the incident to her family. The house was very large, and father concluded to rent a portion of it. He did so, and the new tenants saw apparitions, and heard unearthly noises to such a degree, that they could not stay. And again we were left alone in the Haunted House."

Casper Rodgers was an unbeliever in such things, and gave no heed to them. He laughed to scorn the serious advice imparted by many to search the spring, and earth, and rocks for the buried wealth, most surely hidden there. But the water of the spring at length proving unfit for use, he took out the pump, and planted a willow tree in the place, which grew and flourished luxuriously.

Still the house was haunted, and though continuous life, rests on the truth of my confession, says the diary, "yet I saw the Widow Hague, or at least her apparition." All had retired for the night and I with a younger brother had been asleep. But by some cause to me unknown, I was awoke. The moon shining directly and strongly in the large open window, enabled me to see quite clearly in all parts of the room. Gradually I felt the bed clothing leaving me, I looked up and there I saw Mrs. Hague standing at the foot of my bed, the clear bright moonlight shining full in her face and over her whole figure. I screamed with fright, and covering my face, strove to shut out the sight. My cry aroused my parents and there was no more sleep for me that night.

Father at length ventured to call the property, and we left the haunted house with no little joy. The place has at length fallen into ruin and decay—the runing brook is dry, and now we seldom or never hear any more about the haunted house."

"Bravo, not a bad yarn, Clary, my boy!" cried Ringgold, who though usually the gayest of the gay, yet the plain straight forward recital of these truthful incidents seemed to cast over his exuberant spirits, a pleasing spell of enchantment.

"Speaking of haunted houses," said Job Clawson, who had also been a very attentive listerer, "reminds me of some incidents, not to say accidents in my own life, which if you have not already heard enough of "sich like," I would like some time very well to tell."

"Aye, aye, Job let us have the story of the 'Screaming Woman' again!" chimed the impulsive Jack Ringgold. "For by the 'Stars and Stripes' boys, I believe that was her who knocked me flat in the graveyard, when you all run and left me with her alone. Ugh, it gives me a chill to even think of it, still."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* We would inform the reader, that we are here simply transcribing incidents of facts as they were taken down at the time of their occurrence, as an elder brother in his every day journal of passing events, beating date more than twenty-seven years ago, when such manifestations were less common than they have since become. Hence the alarm and terror exhibited by those who saw these visions and heard the sounds given by them who once lived in the earth form near the places of their nocturnal visits.

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BROTHER JONES:—I am in the field and under full sail as a vocal expounder of the new philosophy, and large meetings and smiling faces assure me that my labors are not in vain. Every where I am cheered by encouraging words and invitations to stay longer or come again. I have lectured three times at Crawfordsville, and four times before the Fountain County Society of the Friends of Progress, in both of which places, the friends of the cause expressed themselves highly pleased with the results of my labors. While at Crawfordsville, I was introduced to a photograph artist, who, for a few months past, finds occasionally on the plate, though arranged for one person only, the impress of two faces. He says (being a church member) the first apparitions annoyed him. He further says, but few rooms who sit, obtain these dual likenesses—only those, as he now supposes, who are mediumistic. As I obtained two spirit likenesses at two different sittings, the conclusion is suggested that I must possess some phase of mediumship. The likenesses all represent deceased persons so far as known, and are generally recognized as likenesses of deceased friends. Mine appears to be a deceased sister. The artist's name is Alfred Willis, a man whose countenance bespeaks the highest degree of honesty.

I have lectured once here in Buena Vista, and hold forth again tonight. I find an extremely interested and intelligent congregation in this place. But two speakers have preceded me, who preach the doctrines of our school. The subject is comparatively new to them. A more attentive audience I never addressed.

Now, I earnestly desire persons situated in the various parts of Indiana, to inform me immediately of the state of things in their locality, and the prospect of an audience.

Buena Vista, Hamilton Co., Indiana.

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Concluded from first page.

true on earth, and they said if we are just men on earth, we are not less just now, and we will be to you. They have kept their promise. In this state, a large part of my time has been passed. I have fulfilled my charge, have done as to the letter for the last thirteen or fourteen years, and have been guided and sustained with strength and power equal to every emergency, so that no engagement has ever been broken, no matter what difficulties or obstacles presented themselves. Opportunities to address public audiences poured in upon me, I knew not how, nor from whence. With such judicious care and kindness, I felt constrained that I might, indeed, trust the dear spirits, while I was constantly urged to use my own judgment in every other act of life—in this one direction I have walked with the invisible host and ever walked safely. A stranger, they have conducted me from Maine to California, and across the mighty ocean. I have been amid scenes of wild excitement, when my friends here have said it would be dangerous for me to go. The power, if the spirits has not only protected me, but seems to have driven back every kind of antagonism, so that every engagement has been performed.

Such has been my career. If I have spoken to the men of egotism, it is because I feel that it is right to bear witness to this noble truth. I now perceive that from my earliest days, they had been preparing me as an instrument fitted for their purposes. In the Island of the sea, far, far away in that distant past, when none could predict with human life the coming of this great era,—did they not prepare me for that which they saw was to come? Did they not drag me from the triumphs of a public life, from all the opportunities which seemed to have opened before me? They knew best, and one after another every tie was broken, and I stood alone in this strange land with my dear mother, called to go forth as a servant of the spirits. My name strange and uncomfortable perhaps. I felt the power that was prized so highly. I could not sing with the angels. I could not pour forth those tones of music in which I know in the better land I shall one day join in the choruses of the bright and glorious hosts of heaven! This joy is closed against me now. It might have been a temptation to pass away from the scenes of strife and rough duty which the services of the platform demanded. To retain that voice, I was cut and mangled by the physicians, until not only the power to sing but to speak was gone. But the power of speaking has been given to me again. Those utterances have never failed me at any time even when broken down by sickness and suffering strength and zeal for the hour has always been given me. Friends, my experiences are yours, every one of you. Though you do not see spirits beckoning you on, though you do not hear the voices that speak to your spirits, though you may not realize the invisible world around you, and so far as you can become impressible to the influence of ministering spirits, you will learn our relations to those bright angels. They have unfolded some for special purposes as instruments through whom they could make manifest the relation which every one of you sustains to that bright and glorious land, and its inhabitants. It is for this purpose that I have been permitted to offer you these details. It would take volumes to relate all the strange manifestations, that have been my experience. I will close this by stating the facts that I know that I live for ever; that I sleep not when I close my eyes in death; the very instant it may be, I shall open them in eternity; that I shall live in the exact condition that I weave for myself, houses, garments, land, atmosphere, companions all are being built, fashioned and determined by the acts, deeds, thoughts of my life and not another. That we are surrounded by invisible hosts, who read our thoughts, note our deeds, listen to our words take heed of our highest action—that we are never alone. That while we are not permitted to change the great and mysterious decrees of that order of things, that succession of events which some call destiny, which I call providence. While they are not permitted to entrench upon the purposes of God, they are outworking these. Their power is beyond cure. We scarcely realize the power of the spirits until we begin to let them extend their influence around us. Then we realize that they are responsible to the Great Spirit, and to him alone, we see the horizon of their power.

I have regarded that just so long as I placed myself in approximation to the Divine Spirit, just so long as I studied His laws and fulfilled His purposes and to the best of my power yielded up myself, not to spirits in and out of the form, but to Him, and only trust my spirits as I should my mortal friends, the dear strong father, the kind and loving husband, the dear brother, good friends, patriots, martyrs, are are of the race—just so long as I realize their presence and trust them, so far no evil can harm me, no temptation can lead me to do wrong. I am as safe as I have ever been in dealing with kind and intelligence under the mask of clay.

I repeat, friends, these are not my own life alone, they belong to every one of us. I shall close by relating one peculiar incident in my career, the last that I shall have to notice one that seems to me to be highly significant of the present heterogeneous and broken condition of our ranks.

For many years, my spirit friends had told me that at a certain period of the movement, when spirits had performed a certain work, that about the closing up of the period when the pioneers who had been the pioneers had done their work and no more was expected from them, when they should resign their work into the hands of others, that I was to write the history of this modern movement. I was to gather my materials from every part of the country, and many of those who took little or no interest in the movement, should supply me with them. They should be brought from the East and the West, the North and the South, and I should bring together a record such as no other in our country should possess. I dared all this and was very fearless of my ability. I pictured to myself the snows of winter covering my brow, the dimness of old age pulsing my eye, but still I should have strength to write and this should be the last work for me.

When I returned from California, the word was to go back to the field of early and to commence the work. Now is the hour for me to write the history of Spiritualism. I shrink back. Again, the utterances of my spirit guides who have never yet deceived me were heard. I must work without further questioning, and the last work I would be to me is now about being accomplished. This I was told was the closing up of one era and the opening of a other.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

NO. TWO.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." (2nd Kings, 2—11)

If this was not the word of God or in this infallible Bible, I should doubt the capacity of a whirlwind to take a prophet, soul and body, to his home in heaven. But as we are commanded to take the Scripture literally and wholly as written, we have no alternative but to accept, or doubt and deny, and "be damned" for unbelief. It does not matter how much our "carnal reason" may fail to understand or accept the statements, our faith must overcome all obstacles—we must be saved or lost by it. Since, therefore, we have no alternative but to believe that Elijah went to heaven in a whirlwind for a chariot, notwithstanding that another of the sentences in God's word says, "that no man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man." However, as we are not to reason on these subjects, nor to ask questions of explanation, we have no alternative but to believe both passages, however much one is in conflict with the other. God seems to have had a very short memory when writing the book, or else He wrote different parts for different ages and peoples, and did not intend that they should see each other. Some politicians, if not some clergymen, work on this plan in our times, but we do not generally consider it a very creditable character, even if it is in pattern of the Jewish God. Whirlwinds, in our day, do not seem to take people to heaven bodily, but we are told that these stories are of miracles that pay no regard to laws of nature, and although no such events occur now, we are required to accept these on very slender testimony, or be left out of heaven when God makes up his jewels.

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S. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

THE SEEMING ANTAGONISM IN NATURE.

There seems to be an irrepressible conflict going on in the works of Nature. No sooner do you commence to live, to exhibit an animate existence, than forces seem to be set at work to destroy your very existence. The world appears to be composed of antagonistic or opposing forces, that are constantly warring with each other. Build a palatial residence, whether of wood, brick or marble, and no sooner completed than its beauty will commence to fade, and, eventually, it will exhibit none, if any of the beauty that distinguished it when first ushered into the world through the ingenuity of the mechanic. Life, then, as composed of opposing or antagonistic forces, is well worthy of careful study, to determine why it is that we first have growth, then decay, resulting finally in the complete dissipation of everything the eye can see. Change is written on all things. The shrub becomes a tree; the bud a beautiful blossom; the seed germinates and produces a golden stalk; the works of Nature around us seem to be occupied constantly in producing changes Thus it has been, and thus it ever will be in nature. But what else but Nature? Point to those gems of light that twinkle around about us millions of miles away; drink from the bubbling spring; breathe the pure air; eat the food that is placed before you—all of these are found within the realm of Nature. Then, we ask you, who is our Mother? Within us are all the forces of Nature—then can not she claim us as her children? This subject is plain, and needs no elucidation. Look at Nature, then look at man, and you find that within the latter are concentrated all the forces of the former, then can we not truthfully say, Nature our Mother, God our Father, all humanity our brothers? Such must be the natural conclusion. Examine, then, the forces of Nature, learn the character of their action and the wonderful phenomena they manifest, and then you learn that much of her children.

It would be well to consider another question in connection herewith. Are the forces of Nature governed by immutable laws? The answer comes echoing from millions of hearts, yes. But we change that question a little, for we know that in Nature there are no abstract laws, such as govern an empire, republic or city Therein philosophers in the past have greatly erred. They talk glibly of laws,—of the law of gravitation, of attraction and repulsion, and consider them abstract in their nature, when in fact there are no abstract laws. Matter governs itself; it is a law unto itself, and operates on the principles, as it were, of independent sovereignty. The matter is the law. If it is more convenient to apply the name of gravitation thereto, do so; but in no case imagine that there is any such thing in nature as an abstract law, for there is not.

In alluding to Nature's force, we shall use for convenience sake, the term "law" as an abstract quality; yet we wish to be understood in all cases as believing that there is no such thing in Nature, and that matter is a law unto itself, call it by whatever name you will.

In Nature, the same result is invariably produced. The acorn produces the oak; the seed the plant that seems to have been designed for it by the combination of forces or elements that it embraces. These forces work in a uniform manner, in accordance with a law immutable in its action and certain in its results. Admitting this position, we desire to ask any intelligent mind, if, when these forces are transferred to the physical organization, they are not equally as immutable in their action and as certain in their results? If not, then the whole fabric of Nature is governed by uncertain laws; the sun is likely to fade away in the heavens, leaving us to grope in darkness; there is no certainty that the earth will long travel in its present orbit, or that seed time and harvest will continue; the very heavens that glisten with innumerable worlds may fade away leaving a blank that future ages will not *chance* to supply; the moon that sends her genial rays to lighten the hours of night, may take a notion to start on a trip to the Pleiades, to witness the grandeur of the central sun. Without law unerring in its action, what confusion would prevail. But you will never witness anarchy in Nature. It never has been witnessed and never will. Now, knowing full well that Nature's forces are unerring in action and results, we would like to have some one present a plausible reason to show that when transferred to the physical organization, they are not equally so.

In this conclusion, then, that Nature's forces are immutable in action, whether manifested in plants, trees, animals or men, we prepare ourselves to receive still grander truths.

In Nature we find one element absorbing or subduing others. The very tree *eats* the earth, the little plant preys on the air; in fact, throughout the vast domain of Nature, we find one element, as it were, enslaved and made use of by others. The sugar cane uses such elements as its nature demands. The blade of grass, however, lets those elements alone that the sugar cane was warring with, enslaving and eating, and with its own inherent forces subdues other elements adapted to its wants. Thus, in Nature we find a seeming antagonism—one element preying off of, and subduing to its own wants, other elements—and they in turn, perhaps, re-absorbing what they gave forth, thus maintaining through the vast fields of Nature a perfect equilibrium. This antagonism in Nature, is transmitted to animals, and finally to man. The animals, true to the forces within them, eat each other; and finally man, still true to that same force, eats the animals.

We will visit our kind parent, Nature, our Mother, greets us with a happy, joyous smile, and then discloses to our enraptured vision a panorama of the forces at her command. First, a physical organization, a man, complete and perfect in all his parts was presented before us. She says, "You find there all the forces or elements that I possess, hence he is my child. Therefrom is an outgrowth that is immortal, for in that outgrowth are all the elements, and a perfect equilibrium is established, hence there can be no death to that, for there is no element left out to disturb the equilibrium of it." Here, then, was a grand mystery solved, why man is immortal. All the forces of Nature are harmoniously wedded together—none are left out to disturb the equilibrium that exists, hence there is no reason why he should not live throughout all eternity. If one element was omitted in the grand make up, it would endanger the existence of the whole. But the constituent parts of all being united together, no disturbance can then ever possibly exist in their outgrowth. Thus, in investigating the forces of which we are composed, we learn something of our own nature; the mystery which hung over it like a dark cloud, becomes dissipated, and we see therein the same manifestations of wisdom that we notice in the external world. Thus onward, ever onward, we will travel, gathering from the ocean of Infinity a pebble here and a pebble there, each one reflecting the illimitable grandeur of those fields that still lie beyond.

THE LORD'S "SIN OF OMISSION."

"And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people."—Exodus, 32: 14.

Those who have been guilty of some high misdemeanor, whose life has been characterized by wickedness, or who contemplate doing some vile act, sometimes repent, or feel remorse for what they have done, or what they contemplate doing. It appears that God, to whose infinite wisdom all the laws that govern the universe point for their origin, had contemplated some evil toward his own people, and sensing the poignancy of feeling that remorse of conscience always imparts, he repented. This may be classed as a "sin of omission," of which the Lord referred to in the Bible was guilty It is clear, however, that if he had contemplated committing a crime, or destroying or molesting his people in a manner not dictated by justice, and did repent, there must have been some power higher than himself, to whom he could make known his wishes and ask forgiveness. Now, it would look exceedingly foolish for a supreme power to repent of any act, unless some one higher than himself in the scale of existence, to whom he is accountable. The child grieves as if its little heart would break, and the hot round tears pass over its cheeks indicating its inward emotions, when it acts in disobedience to its parents wishes. We have as good reason to believe that the Lord spoken of in this passage of Scripture, was sensible that there was a person above him to whom he was responsible, and to whom he must repent, consequently he felt grieved at the "sin of omission," of which he was guilty.

If the Lord spoken of above was really infinite in wisdom, power and love, there could have been no one besides him, consequently his repentance could do no possible good, only giving satisfactory evidence that he was not omniscient, giving room of course, for wisdom and power outside of him. We have now, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—three in one. Now the question might be well asked, was this Lord spoken of, the Father, Son, or Holy Ghost? The Son was "begotten from the foundation of the world," but whether he was at the time designated in the passage of the Bible above alluded to, actually with the Father and Holy Ghost, as an individualized entity, we know not. It seems, however, that the one speaking of repenting must have been the Father, who really is a little lower in the scale of existence than the Holy Ghost, for sins against the former are forgiven, but against the latter, never; therefore, we can come to this conclusion, that the Lord, when repenting, was directing his attention to the Holy Ghost, anticipating, of course, his forgiveness.

This passage demonstrates conclusively that the "Lord alluded to was not all wise, and that he could not successfully govern that stubborn, selfish and maliciously ignorant people that were under the control of Moses, and becoming disgusted with their corruption and determination to worship idols, he, no doubt, contemplated some evil in connection with them. The nature of that evil, no one, of course, but himself knows. It does seem to us, that, when the Lord, after repeated trials, found that he could not control to his satisfaction those whom he had released from Egyptian bondage, he should have invited the Holy Ghost to act as his counsel, for he certainly is endowed with more wisdom than the Lord, for if not, how is it that the sins against him are never forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come?

This passage of Scripture does not refer to the God of the universe, He who controls everything throughout the infinite realms of space, not a sparrow falling to the ground without His notice—it refers to some other being, for He never can repent, for being all-wise, he can make no mistakes. We find in the Bible many errors Its contradictions, absurd statements, its endorsement of polygamy, and the idea held forth therein that an Infinite God would cater to the whims of Abraham, Job or Solomon, is foolish in the extreme. It has nearly had its day. The son of its destiny is about sinking into obscurity, and in its place will rise those beautiful teachings from the intelligences of the Spirit World, none of whom ever saw God or the Devil, and through whose instrumentality, the human family are instructed in those grand principles that not only relate to this, but a future life.

"DISORDERLY CHRISTIANS."

"Last week a party of Indians, consisting of seven, made their appearance on Squaw Creek, in Hood county, and stole the horses of Mr Esting, thence eight miles south to Mr. Mcdonell's, and took all his horses also. A party of citizens, anticipating their route of return, took their stand at a point of timber in Mule Hollow; and waited their arrival, when they attacked the party of Indians and killed them all (one being a squaw).

The Lord is in our midst blessing his people, and graciously reviving His work, of which I will report more hereafter. Yours in Christ. "

The above paragraph, which we cut from a Methodist paper published in Texas, gives a graphic picture of a peculiar state of society. It is with no feelings of exultation, however, that we point out the many transgressions of the moral and the civil laws, by those who have attached themselves to the various Orthodox Churches, and whose duty it is to expound or interpret the various passages of the Bible, and endeavor to make that appear reasonable which bears upon its face the evidence of weakness and absurdity. We always pity that nature, be it Orthodox or otherwise, that will degrade itself by a systematic course of bad conduct. It is not generally a sudden impulse that ruins a man. The list of criminals, embracing those who have assumed the clerical robe, is fearfully large, and is well calculated to lead one to inquire which is at fault, the human heart, or the religion which it embraces? We would rather throw over these clerical dignitaries the mantle of charity, and encourage them to lead a life of purity, than to exult over that which makes them criminals in the sight of man and God. We really pity them, and would lift them up by kindness and encouraging words. The mission of Spiritualism is to direct its attention, to a certain extent, to those who stand nigh in the Orthodox ranks, and endeavor to reform them by giving them to understand that there is no Savior who died to save them from a merited punishment, but that they alone will be compelled to answer for their misdeeds, and be punished therefor. There is no method by which man can escape punishment when he violates a law of God. Teach these Orthodox ministers that fact, impress it deeply upon their mind, and it will have a tendency to restrain them from committing such offences as are daily chronicled in the press of the land. The idea that one innocent being can assume the sins of the guilty, and bear the penalty thereof, is well calculated to afford a license to sin, and we do not wonder that lazy ministers of the gospel, well fed and well clothed, petted by their parishoners, should be guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors.

TRACTS.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago announces the arrival, from England, of we forgot how many million copies of tracts. That Association imports its religion from Judea, and gets its printing done abroad. In each case it obtains an inferior article and plants itself squarely against American production. We ought to have pride enough to believe that America can get up at least as good a religion as Syria, and that we can find authors to write and presses to print all the tracts we may need. But since the religion of the Young Men's Christian Association is a system of anti-republican despotism, it is no wonder that the Association should go to a monarchical country for popular expositions of its tenets. Still, American citizens should take a note of these things. Republican America has perhaps as much to fear from the disciples of Wesley as from the temporal soverign of the city of seven hills.—*Liberal.*

The persistency of the Young Men's Christian Association, is worthy of great admiration. The money which they expend in tracts could be used, however, for a better purpose. Might as well feed the physical organization on the diet that was placed on the table during the days of Pharaoh, as to feed the mind and the moral faculties on the foolish twaddle that emenates from the Old Testament. The religion of the various Orthodox Churches might answer the wants of the people 1800 years ago—but now—horrible! who would think of adopting Abraham's morality as a standard, who was not only a liar, but a cruel exacting tyrant, who, if he now lived in Chicago, and should treat a servant in the same manner he did Hagar, would be consigned to Bridewell for at least ninety days. Then, again, Noah was not much better. He got beastly intoxicated. Who would want a child to imitate the morality of many of the Biblical characters. It is true, there are veins of supernal intelligence therein, that sparkle beautifully in the sunbeams of our Harmonial Philosophy, but they are generally discarded by the various Orthodox Churches.

If the million of tracts which this Association have imported, could be sent to the paper mill and made into beautiful white paper for the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, some good could be accomplished thereby.

THE MEDIASCOPE AND PSYCHOMATER.

This beautiful little instrument is for sale at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of *twenty fiy cents* to any address. It works finely in the hands of many who never imagined they were mediums. Those who do not want to hear from their departed friends, better *not* send for it.

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189 South Clark street,
Chicago, Illinois.

☞ We would call attention of our many readers to the card of Austin Kent. He is truly worthy.

ADAM'S MONUMENT.

The expense, no doubt, will be great. It is the custom to make a monument never smaller, and generally much larger, than was the mortal body of the hero whose immortal deeds it is intended to commemorate; and, as there is a well authenticated tradition that Adam was 930 feet high, his monument cannot, in common justice, be less than 1,000 feet in altitude. But it is estimated that a penny subscription from each one of the surviving descendants of this truly great and good man—and it is impossible that one of them should be unwilling to contribute this small sum—would amount to enough to pay for the erection of the monument, and leave enough over to procure a handsome testimonial for Dr. Rogers, who has been the first to suggest that it was time to wipe away "the stigma long attached to humanity for having left the memory of the first hero in its history—a man whose name, fame, actions, death, and spiritual influence are constantly on our lips—without commemorative stone to tell the stranger who could appreciate it "what he had done." A great many hard things have been said of Adam; but it should not be forgotten that we owe him much, and that, with all his faults, he had many virtues. When Dr. Roger's subscription paper is sent over here, we shall be ready with our penny, and, if he will enlarge his plan so as to include a monument to Eve also, we will be happy to double our subscription.—*Ed.*

As stated in a previous number of the JOURNAL, we are in favor of the monument, notwithstanding Adam's duplicity and meanness. It is, indeed, a lamentable fact that the "first man," who named the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and who for a few days enjoyed the sweets of domestic happiness to that extent that he was not aware that he was naked, has no monument erected to perpetuate his memory. While we do not admire his sagacity, we think there is something commendable in his affection for Mother Eve, for, without questioning her in regard to where she procured certain fruit, he did partake thereof, when—"presto change—" he knew he was naked. Mother Eve's eyes being opened first, she no doubt felt strangely as she looked upon Adam, little appreciating the cause of the wonderful metamorphosis. Yes, we favor the construction of the monument, and are willing the Rev. Charles Rogers should superintend the same. By the side of it, however, we would place a wax tree representing the one that contained the golden fruit that was imbued with a "knowledge of good and evil," and by the side of that, we would place a serpent, and by the side of the serpent a statute of Mother Eve. We will keep our readers posted in regard to the success of the enterprise, from time to time.

DR. GROSVENOR SWAN,

Who is still spending four days each week at the Adam's House in this City, for the purpose of waiting upon such as may desire his services, has just shown us a letter from C. C. Vance, Esq., of Rosco. Mr. Vance says he had been a cripple from the effects of rheumatism for the past nine years, that when he first met Dr. S., about seven weeks since, he had entirely lost the use of his right arm and hand, so that he had been unable to write his name for ten weeks, and that Dr. S., by the application of his hands relieved him of all pain and perfectly restored the use of the arm in three minutes. He also says that Mr. Samuel Lathrop, keeper of the Farmer's Hotel in the above place, who about the same time called on Dr. S., on a pair of crutches, and who was enabled to walk home with the crutches on his shoulder, desires to send the Doctor a certificate of the marvelous cure he had performed on him. He also mentions others that are claiming to have received great benefit through Dr. Swan.

We are personally acquainted with Esquire Vance and know him to be a man of truth and candor.

ERRORS CHEERFULLY CORRECTED, ETC.

Look well to the *little yellow monitor*, and if any mistakes are discovered, advise us at once, that they may be corrected. If any one is receiving duplicate copies, advise us of that fact, unless you desire to pay for more than one copy. When you send money, state whether it is for a *renewal* or for a new subscription,—a failure to do so, has, and may again, result in duplicate copies being sent to the same person.

Be careful and give the name of person, town and State in plain writing, so that no mistake shall occur in directing papers or other packages, ordered. Lastly, remember that printers work hard, and must have their pay every Saturday night, to defray the expenses of their families This last admonition is for those who are in arrears. A word to the wise, is said to be sufficient.

OF INTEREST.

In this number of the JOURNAL we give an interesting chapter of the early history of Jesus of Nazareth, narrating some strange experiences of his boy-hood days, as well as those of John the Baptist, as given by the Apostle Paul through the mediumship of Alexander Smyth, of Philadelphia.

This closes *The Introductory Part* of one of the most extraordinary books that has ever issued from the press; it contains 319 closely printed pages, bound in muslin, and sold at $1.50 postage paid, and is by far the cheapest book on our list.

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All parties wishing her services in that section, will address her till further notice, in care of P. Bremond, Esq., Houston, Texas.

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Philadelphia Department.

BY..... H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Review by Mrs. S. C. Waters, of Rev. Wm Walton's Fourth Discourse against Spiritualism, Delivered, Oct 17th, 1869, in Mordentown, N. J.

Continued from last week.

Mr Walton asserted that angels came unsought—were sent of God. Said Jesus went to the mount to pray, not to seek Moses and Elias; and thought a very impressive evidence of their being sent by God, was contained in the fact that "they appeared there as men," so entirely in their characteristics and selfhood "that they were readily known by the apostles." Perhaps he had forgotten, that, only a few minutes before, he had most contemptuously scouted the idea that an old man in a mantle should be considered the spirit of Samuel.

It would not seem very singular, if he should have some difficulty in believing that the three angels who came to Abraham, (Gen. 18) needed water to wash their feet, and fresh veal, hot cakes, butter and milk to eat, before proceeding to visit Lot, where they washed their feet and ate in like manner.

He said "not a single individual had ever been made better by Spiritualism." But has he all knowledge? Does he know the secret workings of the souls of so many millions of Spiritualists, that he should speak so positively. He further declared that Spiritualism was deadly and infectious, "poisoning morals," "contaminating religion," and "stripping with disruption." Said Spiritualists had no right to quote from the Bible; and in most defiant and vociferous language, bade them "let it alone and not lay their vile polluted hands upon it." I should mistrust that it got a little polluted in the process of coming into its present shape; for, in two or three instances, he seemed to feel obliged to skip some very objectionable and unfit words, in the sentences of scripture which he quoted in his sermon. Did he think no one present knew it when he skipped those words? Of course, a minister, relying on a Bible so indelicately written that he had to skip part in his quotations, would be very desirous to keep all scrutinizing eyes off the Book, and all lips from repeating too much of its contents.

He said that while persons had put forth most immoral and abominable doctrines, the Spirit called papers had never repudiated or even criticised either the individuals or the doctrines. At least, in many of the cases he specified in his sermons, this assertion is absolutely and emphatically erroneous. Whether it shall be imputed to his ignorance, or his untruthfulness, I leave for him to choose. Doubtless, charity which "shall cover a multitude" of faults, would suggest, give him the benefit of both apologies. Does he intend to be considered a constant, and thorough reader of the entire literature of Spiritualism? and does he mean to tell us that he has been so for the last ten years? If not then, he is not competent to make the above statement.

When he says, "No matter how morally a Spiritualist lives, or how much purity and religion he may profess," and then uses language to the effect that all that appertains to Spiritualism is to be summed up as immorality, impurity and corruption, it indicates an obtuseness of mental vision mingled somewhat with the perverse. The same perverseness is discernable when he says a Spiritualist recently said, "If a man believes that spirits communicate, we call him a good Spiritualist, no matter what he may do;" and then goes on to enumerate the whole catalogue of crime and infamy (much of which delicacy would forbid to repeat), adding "He may do all these things and be a good Spiritualist. The well known Spiritualist to whom he refers, says the remark was that any person who believed in spirit communion was a Spiritualist, however much they might differ upon other points. When Mr. Walton adds the word "good," and the sentence "Whatever he may do," it puts a very different face upon the matter.

Again, Mr. Walton says the recent declaration of a Spiritualist was, "True religion is a man's convictions, whatever they may be," and then he went on to illustrate that if a man had a conviction that by stealing he could accumulate wealth and attain a higher worldly position, then stealing was true religion; or if a man had a conviction that his interests would be enhanced by lying, then that was true religion.

The real statement was made editorially in the New York *Independent*, some months since, in the following language, "The true religion consists in fidelity to one's own sacred convictions, whatever they may be;" and this sentence read by a Methodist to the Spiritualist in question, received his assent. It is proper for Mr. Walton to leave out the word "sacred," and apply the word convictions to the lowest inclinations and passions, instead of the highest convictions of morality and duty, then, doubtless, it is not only proper for him to do what he is now doing, but it would also be proper for him to say, "It is my conviction that the interests of the church will be enhanced by my misrepresenting and falsifying Spiritualism; if is my conviction that it is my religious duty to bear false witness against my neighbor who is a Spiritualist, and that is true religion for me." If he chooses to take this position, then he stands with Chrysostom, Jerome, Origen, Eusebius, and others of the Christian Fathers who approved deception when it would enhance the interests of the church. Chrysostom held that falsehood might be "meritorious if used for the benefit of the church;" and Jerome in speaking of a pious fraud, says, "I find no fault with an error which springs from hatred to the Jews, and a pious zeal for the Christian faith." Such influences might have worked well in that age, but it is too late in the day of mental growth, for any successful smothering of the spirit of investigation and progress by attempting to falsify the true or the good.

A pitiable degree of ignorance was displayed in Mr Walton's explanation that a good test medium was almost sure to be a woman, because women are more susceptible to nervousness. "So said "susceptibility to nervousness, and to be wrought up into anger." was what was required," then the spirits could communicate freely. Any well informed person knows directly the contrary of this to be true.

He asked, who are Spiritualists, and communing with spirits? Are they leading clergymen of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal or Dutch Reformed Churches? or are they elders, deacons, class-leaders, vestry-men, &c, in good standing with those churches? Of course, if an officiating clergymen, or church officer is found spiritually minded enough to exercise the spiritual gifts of which Paul spoke, he must cut the wires of communion with spiritual beings, or the Church will cut the bond of brotherly union. He cannot be expected to remain in good standing with those who ignore all the spiritual gifts mentioned in the Bible. Yet there are not only mediums, but lecturers for Spiritualism, who have been ministers in nearly or quite all the churches he mentions and those I have heard lecture, were persons with whom a comparison would throw the Rev Mr Walton into that scale of the balance which is "found wanting." As a reason that there are not more of these instances, will Mr Walton please remember that a minister is paid to keep his eyes shut, so far as not to see anything that is not in the creed of his church. They use their intellects, but few of them are exercising their spiritual powers sufficiently to have any experience through them; and if they had, are they willing to lay down material dollars, in order to gather up spiritual coin? Probably most of them would prefer being spiritually poor, if its preventure must be at the sacrifice of position and pay in the church. As for deacons, elders, class leaders, &c, a frowning church has terrors for most of them, which quite outweigh and subjugate their desire to know the nature, possibilities and destiny of human souls; consequently, they are not in much danger of eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

Mr Walton states that "It has been said that science disproved Moses' account of the creation, but the latest revelations of science prove Moses' account to be correct." Now, this is a spicy bit of information, but is it as fastidious as some other parts of the sermon? I remember it is historically stated that the Greek version of Moses places the creation two thousands years farther back than the Hebrew version; and it would be particularly interesting to know whether it is the Greek or the Hebrew version that is proved true; especially as, since we are told historically that the Hebrew Scriptures were utterly destroyed during the captivity in Babylon, and restored seventy years afterwards by Ezra. It would have been very interesting, could he have informed us when, where, how, and by whom, this wonderful scientific testimony has been obtained, for there were some intelligent Methodists, and also Spiritualists, who would gladly like to know more about it, if it is not a "will of the wisp got up for this occasion."

Aside from the restoration of the Jewish Scriptures by Ezra, Jewish sacred books inform us that Jeremiah deferred twenty-three years before writing down his prophecies; and that Ezekiel's and Daniel's prophecies were given during the captivity in Babylon, and not written by them, but by men of the great Synagogue after the return to Jerusalem; also that the same body of men wrote down the prophecies of the twelve minor prophets.

Mr Walton referred to Franklin's dog barking at the moon, and said, "Spiritualism may bark at christianity but it will go right on, as did the moon, long after Spiritualism shall be dead, buried, and a monument raised to its memory." He having proved Spiritualism to be twice as old as christianity; having proved that spirit communion had not only existed for thousands of years, but that it is in full and vigorous exercise at the present time, it would appear that its continued existence is quite as probable as that of christianity. His illustration reminds of one equally pertinent, found in the story of a peasant, who thought his donkey had drank up the moon, because he drank the water in which it was reflected. If Mr Walton thinks the church has drank up all the fountain of God's goodness, love and wisdom, then he is as ignorant of truth as the peasant, who thought his donkey drank the moon. Beams of the eternal wisdom are with all God's children; light from the eternal fountain streams into every crevice of creation; the church pail catches some beams, but only a few, for those beams are as omnipresent as infinitude, and their finite vessel cannot contain the great fountain or infinitely luminary that embraces the universal whole within the scope of its power.

I am not at all surprised, that, as a clergyman, Mr Walton was horrified at the spectral tomb of "Tight Jacket Old Theology," as seen on the banners in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Boston, in 1868. One by one the pet ideas of "Old Theology" have been, and are being buried, therefore, the grave is very suggestive of the fate of Theology, not of Religion. The spirit of religion is innate in every soul; is a living and constant spiritual attraction, felt for the good, the pure and the holy, towards which the infinite doth lead us through the ways of his own wisdom, purity and power. Theology is a mental fabric, woven by souls in the loom of their life activities; a fabric, changeable and destructible and likely to fall into the tomb of oblivion much to the dismay of its professional upholders. This has been the fate of external, formal theologies in the past, and will be in the future; but the spirit of religion, resurrected from the ashes of theology, belongs to the eternal years of God, and communes with the Father of spirits at every avenue of life; hearing His voice, and reading His thoughts in the grain of sand, the blade of grass, the breath of zephyrs, the worlds of space—aye, in all forms, all life, material as well as spiritual.

Report of the Board of Managers of the Pa. State Society.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists, held at 634 Race St, Philadelphia, Nov 8th, 1869, the following resignation from Dean Clark was received:

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE PA. STATE SOCIETY:—Finding that my health will not warrant the continuance of the arduous labor of pioneer work during the inclemency of winter, I beg leave to offer my resignation as State Missionary, which I do with a degree of regret, as it is unpleasant to close the amicable relation which has existed between us, cementing fraternal ties that I trust may ever continue.

I find that there is a vast field for missionary labor in your State, and I trust you may soon be more amply sustained in your philanthropic efforts than hitherto, by the co-operation of many who through force of habit, or an idea peculiar to the friends, that speakers should not be paid, have thus far placed the main burthen upon you.

I would tend my heart-felt thanks to you all, for the courtesy extended to me. May the angels continue to bless your work, and the workers who are making so many sacrifices for truth and humanity. Fraternally,

DEAN CLARK.

The following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted. Whereas Dean Clark has been laboring in our State for a brief period, and has been compelled to relinquish his labors on account of ill health, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we express our confidence in his ability as a lecturer and his fidelity to the cause, and our hope that he may soon be restored to health and enabled to labor in the great harvest field of humanity in which he is well qualified to work.

On motion, Brother J G Fish was appointed missionary, and our friends throughout the State are hereby requested to render him and Mr. Stearns all the aid they can in the prosecution of our noble work.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Penn. State Society of Spiritualists will be held at Harmonial Hall, 11 Wood St., Late "Sloatman's Church," on Wednesday, the 15th of December, 1869, at 3 and 7 P. M.

The friends throughout the State are cordially invited to attend, or send reports for their different sections, to Henry T Child, M. D. President, 634 Race St, Philadelphia; or to Caroline A Grimes, Secretary, 1919 Walnut St, Philadelphia.

Signed on behalf and by directions of the Board.

HENRY T CHILD M. D, *President.*

CAROLINE A GRIMES, *Secretary.*

MAIL ROBBERY.

We desire our readers to bear in mind that when the sum of three dollars is to be paid to this office, the expense of the Post Office order, TEN CENTS, or the expense of registering—FIFTEEN CENTS, may be deducted from the amount to be remitted.

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Obituary.

Passed to her mansion in the Summer Land, from Galesburg, Ill., Nov. 23rd, 1869, Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm Slade, wife of Dr. Henry Slade.

It is gratifying to know that during her pilgrimage on earth, her constant effort to promote the cause of our beautiful Harmonial Philosophy, and instill within the minds of the people, higher and purer aspirations, gave her a place in the affections of all. She has passed over the shining river, to that home made by her angel friends for her reception, and beautiful it is, for it resembles those life-beds that adorned her pathway during her earth life.

Departed this life, Nov 5th, 1869, Mrs. Martha Bliss, consort of Mr. De Lord Bliss, of Courtland, New York; aged 31 years.

The deceased was subjected to a protracted and exceedingly painful run of typhoid fever which her frail physical constitution was unable to resist, and she spirit took its departure, and to that bourn whence no traveler returns, but to that sphere of life beyond this where its affinities and its virtues naturally assignit, with enlarged capabilities, and with freedom to become a ministering spirit to those whom she so tenderly loved in her earth life.

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No. 9, vol. 7. tf

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EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clarke's, Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs Jennie W. Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-woman, had been long confined to his room from the effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some year and a half. Suffering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said syrup, with directions to have his side bathed with hot salt and water, by a healthy colored woman, and to take the syrup internally. The result of which was, that in two days, he was out, and able to work, (that of a common laborer.)

His wife, a devoted Catholic, said, "She had spent quite $100, upon him for doctors, with no good result; but having faith in good Spirits, she would try this."

His name is McCarthy and he lives in this place, No. 118 Prospect St. Young Fraternally.

ABBY M. LITTLE FERRIS.

Georgetown, D.C., January 7th, 1869.

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S. S. JONES:—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clarke, a spirit, who controlling prescribes for the sick through the organism of Jennie Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies, the Syrups, Nervine and Powders with the highest satisfaction. I have them to be excellent, as hundreds elsewhere will testify. Dr. Clarke is a noble and brilliant spirit. Most truly thine,

J. M. PEEBLES.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1869.

A PLEASANT STORY.

In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along,
And carelessly sang a familiar old song,
While thinking the care—borrow, and sorrow,—
The Irish & the Scotch—the French, and the Dutch,
And the strange Advertisements of these latter days,
On the Bulletin Boards, for concerts, and plays,
When all on a sudden I saw something new,
On nice printed paper in Red, White and Blue:
It told of the virtues of something so neat,
So handy—so harmless—so perfect complete,
For coloring beard, the mustache or hair,
Without any poison, or stopping, or care,
And not only so, but the color is "fast,"
And when shampooed, it "sticks to the last!"
In reading I pondered, and thought of my hair,
Now as "gray as a rat" once so glossy, and fair.
I hesitated, and found it—I bought it, and tried,
When all my gray hair, in a "jiff" stepped aside!
My age is recovered—I feel twenty years younger—
I will marry next week—no one to wait longer,
I will have one wife, and the comforts of home,
For all will be gained by the New Magic Comb.

You see, I found that Comb at 192 South Clark St., where they have a few more left of the same sort. Don't forget the place—Enclose $1.25 and address MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 192 South Clark St., Chicago Illinois, and you shall receive the MAGIC COMB by mail post-paid.

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For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL—NO. 39.

BY FRANCES E. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

William the Conqueror.

My grandfather said: "I now introduce a spirit who left earth many centuries ago, who made his mark in the world, and filled a prominent place in history.

"I am King William, known as the Conqueror. I believe you are well versed in history, and familiar with all the prominent points in my life. I shall, therefore, treat chiefly of those incidents which reached not the public eye.

The manners and customs of the age in which I lived are so different from those of the present day that it is difficult to draw a comparison. We were a barbarous people, knew but little of civilization, and almost nothing of religion, for what was received as such was merely nominal.

I began life as a soldier battling with the border nations. I thus learned the art of war. Being blessed with great strength, I could master almost every one opposed to me. This gave me great popularity with the army, and when at the death of my father I assumed the Dukedom, I found myself indeed a king of the nation.

I had great ambition. My own dominions did not satisfy me. I therefore casting my longing eyes upon England, and Edward had given me all the pretext I desired. You know all about the invasion and how success crowned my efforts.

I should have been a kind and indulgent governor of the English, but could not depend on their fidelity. They were continually plotting against me until I could place no reliance on any of them, and was therefore compelled to fill the posts of honor from my own people. This bore heavily upon them, but they felt not the pecuniary loss.

I had had enough of war and desired peace. I left England in charge of my generals and returned to Normandy; but the quiet one I looked for was not mine; and the dissensions among my chiefs were a perpetual source of annoyance. I could do nothing to allay it, and usually gave it up in despair. My daughters even seemed to have no respect for me; why, I never could divine. I was not a stern father—rather the reverse.

As life drew towards a close, I sent for a priest and asked him what would be my future condition. He replied that I would go straight to heaven. I asked him how he knew this. He answered the Lord had revealed it to him. I believed it. God knows I tried to do my duty as well as I knew how. We were very ignorant in those days, and therefore you must not judge us by the light of the present. Some thought it a right we all enjoyed to kill an enemy, to open his bowels and put him to torture. I never practiced anything of the kind. When the enemy surrendered I ordered all fighting to cease. I ransomed the generals and cared for the prisoners. All gave me credit for my humanity. I gave a great deal to the church, but I had much better have given it to the poor. I can now see what I did not then. They were all selfish, ignorant, superstitious, many of them believing not one word of what they taught. My wife was educated by a priest who taught her as much of learning as he knew himself, which was but little. She was a most excellent woman, and made me as loving a wife as man was ever blessed with. I gave her my whole heart and was ever faithful. Her death created a void that was never filled.

I opened my eyes upon a vast extended plane,—limitless, it seemed to me. Groves of trees could be seen everywhere. I set off, determined to find somebody, for the place seemed deserted. I traveled over a long distance without finding any one. At length I saw a man coming toward me, and so like my father that I could see no difference; and yet I knew it could not be him because I had seen him buried. He came up and grasped my hand, saying:

"William, I am glad to see you."

Then for the first time it flashed upon me all about my last sickness and death, and I knew that this must be the second life. He then told me all about my condition, and that I must wander in the garden until all my sins had been consumed. He promised to remain and instruct me from day to day.

Now I began thinking over my past life; and memory brought up every trifling event, things that had long since been forgotten, beginning even from my childhood. Nothing had been lost, and how different I now saw them! Every one brought with it a sting. How I mourned over them; how I wept—day after day brought its sorrows.

How long I thus continued I have no means of judging. At length worn out with suffering, I sat down weeping, and cried to God for mercy. Presently my name was called, and looking up, there was a bright light all around me, and in the midst of the light, a spirit, and the spirit said:

"My brother, I am come for you. You have been long enough in this desolate place; come with me to a brighter one."

I leaped up and followed. His countenance fairly beamed with love. His voice imparted new strength to my feeble frame. I followed on, and each step brought me into brighter realms where I saw thousands of people, all apparently happy. I would give you a description of all this, but I can find no words, for I had never seen anything at all like it—I bewildered me. My guide kept with me, explaining everything.

I now began to look about me, and one wonder after another presented itself. I perceived that however just, however honest, however charitable, all will come up, and you will be judged according to the general character of your life on earth. My sins were all charged against me and my good deeds credited, and I had to bring all to one common level, and that was the bottom I had to beat.

I had not been long in my new abode before Maude joined me, and what a happy meeting. She, too, had to wander in the garden but was now free; and we have been inseparable ever since. I love to revisit earth, watching the progress of events. How nations rise and fall—how wailings continue with the people, but riot and extravagance among kings and rulers. I have beheld kings brought to the block, the peasant rising to supreme power. I beheld the people gradually rising from obscurity and becoming a part of the government, a thing not dreamed of in my lifetime. I behold a change also in the condition of woman. She is now no longer the slave and drudge, as in a barbarous age, but is cherished as a companion, and loved as an equal.

What wonders have I seen in art and science. How far advanced in all that contributes to man's happiness, and how infinitely beyond what we could have imagined in regard to a future life. And new there has dawned upon you a new dispensation, at which we stand amazed. How difficult it is for us, even to believe it. With what incredulity it is received when told that spirits can converse with mortals. When I first heard of it, it seemed to me the wildest vagary that was ever imagined. It was Gustave Adolphe that first told me of it, and said that he had related his history. I came and watched this curious instrument as it revolved, and saw that it merely assisted us to give the impression upon your brain; and with what facility you caught our thoughts as soon as breathed, and wrote it down. It is truly wonderful.

I am gratified at this opportunity of giving my history, and return my thanks."

"Pure religion, and undefiled before God the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—JAMES.

"But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—JOHN.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."—JESUS.

"But the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possesses was his own, but they had all things common."—LUKE.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF JESUS.

"Friend Alexander, I will not insult your intellect, by supposing that you believe there is any truth in the vile and ridiculous account that Luke and I concocted, when we wrote the history of Jesus, concerning Mary, the virgin mother;—the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, acting as a proxy for the God of Heaven, begetting a son who was to be equal to himself, and had existed through all time before he was begotten. I say,—I will not insult your reason by supposing you to believe any part of these silly lies; but I will give you the true account of his youthful days, as far as I received it from Jesus himself.

A short time after I had passed into the Spirit World—being exiled from all society, in dreary exclusion, I received a visit from the Spirit of the much injured Jesus, whom I had caused to be sacrificed to the hatred of the Jewish Priests. I quailed before his benign and noble presence,—feeling myself unworthy to meet his gaze. He gently rebuked me for many evils I had done him; saying that he was informed of all by Judas, whom I had sent to the Spirit World the same night that Jesus died. He told me that he forgive me for all my wickedness in regard to him,—and then he spoke in sympathizing tones of my suffering condition. He said he could not mitigate my agonies, or be would; but he advised me to repent, aspire after righteousness, and strive to renew my nature for the better,—that my wretched exclusion would be terminated in course of time, when I should be allowed to mingle with the blessed. He then spoke of many parts of his history—enlightening me on many points I knew not before.

As regards his early days, he said that 'Joseph the carpenter, and his wife Mary, moved into Nazareth when he was not many days old. Nobody knew from whence they had come. They settled there, and gained the esteem of their neighbors as honest, peaceful, working people. He never heard his parents speak of any mysterious or miraculous event in connection with his birth; yet as he grew up he perceived that there was some mystery or doubt concerning him, whispered among the neighbors. Some doubted his being the son of Joseph and Mary,—some went so far as to say that Mary never had a child; for little Jesus, as Jesus was called in his youth, had been nourished on goat's milk, and the breast of Mary had never suckled a child,—nor did she give any other indications of having become a mother. There were other instances the folks cited, as proof that Jesus was not the son of Joseph and Mary. He bore no resemblance in person, disposition, or character to them. Whose son was he then? Nobody knew, if Joseph and Mary were not his parents. However, the child grew in health, strength, and great beauty of person. He did not take pleasure in the ordinary mischievous freaks and follies of children; the characteristics of his disposition being mildness, general amiability, and susceptibility to all grave and pious impressions. He was sent to school at the ordinary age to the synagogue of the village, where, as soon as he had mastered the rudiments of the language, he studied with great avidity the subjects of morals, metaphysics and religion, as then taught in the schools. He seemed to possess great intellectual capacity and comprehension; for at the age of fifteen, he was pronounced the most intelligent youth, and greatest disputer in the synagogue of the village and neighborhood.

As he approached manhood, he became acquainted with a youth about his own age, whose name was John, who was the son of a Priest,—being educated for one of the Priesthood. This youth was of a fresh, ardent, and visionary disposition; not content with the ordinary routine and views of things, for his mind was directed to a series of changes, innovations and reforms, which he was continually suggesting and advocating with the greatest of energy and confidence in his allusions.

The two youths—though very different in disposition—became inseparable companions; for they found great pleasure in each other's company,—not so much that their views in general assimilated,—but they found an intense interest in canvassing their dissimilar ideas. They took long rambles together; sometimes being so interested in their discourse, that they did not know whither they were going, or where they were. Mount Tabor and its environs were frequently the scenes of their disputes and rambles.

One day they were taking a ramble as usual, and they discoursed upon certain moral subjects, which were extremely exciting. They had been walking for hours without heeding their course; at length, having made a pause, they discovered that they were completely lost. They looked around them to discover indications of their whereabouts; but nothing could they see that they knew. The scene presented a grassy vale,—along which meandered a small stream. At a short distance, at the foot of a hill, they perceived a small hut, constructed of logs—the roof of which, being covered with branches, rushes and sod. In front of the building, they perceived a human being sitting on a rock, to whom they directed their steps, with the view of inquiring their way back to their village. When they arrived at the spot, they found the person to be an aged bearded old man, enveloped in a long, black robe, bare headed and feet without sandals. They soon came to the conclusion that they had fallen in the way of a recluse.

Having greeted the old man and stated their case, he, with a pleasing smile upon his countenance, gave the desired information—telling them that their case was not an uncommon one; for he had once been a youth himself, and had frequently lost his way, and the sight of reality around him, in the pleasing contemplation of airy visions. He then invited them into his habitation, and set before them some food; telling them to rest and refresh themselves. He also invited them to tarry with him for the night,—as the day was far spent. The young men expressed their sense of his kindness, and gratefully accepted the hospitable invitation. The recluse then replenished his fire with sticks, which was burning in the centre of the hut, and when the day was passed, they all three lounged around it, passing some hours in discourse. The old man seemed to be possessed of a great mind; whether it came from experience, learning, or supernal inspirations, they knew not;—but most of his ideas were perfectly new to them—being of the most profound, philosophic nature,—giving explanations and revelations of things, which to them had hitherto been as so many mysteries. He spoke of the great mysterious Power prevading all nature, under the name of God;—of the multitude and magnitude of created things;—of the different races of men—of their past and present errors; of the gradual progression capacity of the human mind, and the probability that in course of time, mankind will arrive at comparative perfection.

The two young men listened attentively to the old man's discourse—they never before having heard the like. Jose saw clearly, that the recluse had got his ideas through experience and deep reflection, while John concluded that no man could speak as he had done, unless he was supernaturally inspired. He said to himself "certainly this man is a prophet! I will question him, concerning myself."

"My worthy host," said John to the old man, "I must confess that I have never heard a man speak more startling truths than you have done, you certainly must possess the power of prevision and prophecy. I beg of you, if it be so, that you will try your powers upon me, and tell me what will be my career and the end of life."

"Young man," answered the recluse, with a serious candor, "you are mistaken in your estimate of me. I candidly tell you, that I do not possess the powers you speak of; nor do I make pretensions thereto, and all others who assume to be such, I consider to be visionary enthusiasts or vile impostors. I consider it impossible with any person on earth, or Spirit above, to see a thing that does not exist. Future events, we all know, do not exist, and as such, they consequently can not be seen or foreseen. But I will tell you what it is possible to do. A man is capable of speaking of probabilities, according to the knowledge he may have of the thing in question. For instance; from the insight I have of you, I can state some things that may probably occur to you during your lifetime."

"What may they be?" eagerly inquired John.

"They are to this effect," answered the recluse: "you will live a visionary life,—meeting many disappointments and disgusts, at what you will consider the perversity and wickedness of the world; because it does not prove to bonsch as you wish it or expect it to be. You will live an erratic and unsocial career, for your nature will find no pleasure in the general society of men. This disposition will lead you into many difficulties,—your mind will become unhinged, and your end will be soon and unpleasant."

"Indeed!" exclaimed John, as he reclined himself back, with an air of one disappointed and mortified. "Your estimation of my career is not very promising or flattering;—however, there is one comfort,—you do not give them as facts, but only as probabilities. But, who was you of my companion?" he added, as he pointed to Jose. "Can you not say something better of him?"

"With regard to your companion," said the recluse, as he gazed into the eyes of Jose, "there may be something said of him of a very extraordinary nature."

"If you can foresee anything that will add to my happiness, or of that of my fellow men, I pray you let me hear it," observed Jose.

"I perceive, my dear youth," responded the old man, as he continued his gaze upon Jose—at the same time feeling of his hand, fingers and wrist with some mysterious motive,—"that within you lies latent a great power, which, when brought into action, will influence the minds, and act upon the bodies of your fellow men,—producing the most extraordinary and astounding results."

Jose started, and a tremulous emotion passed through him, at this declaration of the recluse.

"I mean," continued the latter, "that there is within you a mine of nervous power, which, when exercised upon your fellow men, will be capable of ameliorating many of their miseries, by producing the cures of their bodily diseases, and mitigating the sorrows of others; at the same time, it will enable you to command their minds,—to lead them from their errors and vices, to better conditions and understandings."

"Oh! blessed will be the day, if that shall prove true!" exclaimed Jose, as he sprang forward and seized the hand of the old man, which he pressed fervently from the impulse of his joyful excitement. "Make me acquainted with its nature, and convince me of its truth; then I shall be one of the happiest of men.

"There is a principle or power that pervades all animated nature,—call it name, or name it by others, spirit," observed the old man. "This power is not the same in all beings, especially in man. In some, it is weak, in others, it is very strong. Some men who possess this power in an extraordinary degree, are capable of acting upon their weaker fellows, producing good or evil effects, as their dispositions direct them to act. The nature of the effects produced are very various; but when this power is exercised with benevolent designs, much good can be produced to our fellow men, in curing certain diseases and influencing the mind in the right direction of virtue."

"Oh, most worthy Sir!" exclaimed Jose,—his eyes beaming with enthusiasm and rapture; "make me sensible how I possess this power, for my delight of life is to do good to my fellow men."

"The power, as I said, lies latent within you," replied the recluse. "It requires some other external power to arouse it; and when once brought into action, it will continue in force during your life. I have the happiness to possess that power to a certain extent, and I think, if you give your consent, I shall be enabled to call forth that which lies latent within you."

He gave his consent, when he and the recluse rose from their seats, while John regarded them in speechless surprise as he remained in his place. The recluse desired Jose to stand erect against the wall of the hut, from whom he removed his garments, leaving his neck and breast bare; then placing his hand upon the top of his head, and taking his left hand in his other, they remained in this position for some minutes. Then he placed his right hand upon the back of his neck, and his left upon his breast,—remaining thus for some minutes. Then he placed both hands upon the sides of his head, and moved them down to the sides of his feet; this he repeated several times. Then he placed both hands upon his shoulders, and then slowly moved them down his arms to his fingers, which he repeated several times. At the commencement of this process, Jose felt a sudden icy chill pass through him, which was succeeded by a glow of warmth, and a tingling sensation all over him externally. All his vital organs seemed to expand and acquire force;—his physical and moral energy seemed to become greater.

"Now!" said the recluse, as he terminated the last mentioned actions, "let us see whether my anticipations are correct or not."

He then told Jose to stand in front of John—to fix upon his own steadfast gaze, and to will in his own mind that John should sleep, and then he gave directions to perform certain manipulations,—all of which Jose performed accordingly. The result was as the recluse anticipated. John regarded his companion with an incredulous smile, as though he doubted the theory of the recluse; but soon his eyelids drooped,—the smile vanished from his lips,—his countenance became pale, and the relaxed state of his muscles gave evidence that he was no longer conscious of external things.

"He sleeps!" remarked the recluse.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Jose, as he regarded the result with astonishment, and felt for the old man a degree of profound reverence.

"This sleep," added the recluse, "is very different from the ordinary one of mortals. The mind and all the powers of life are totally abstracted from the corporeal senses, and his individual existence is quiescent to all influences, save that of your own. In fact, his body is totally insensible, and his spirit is subject to your will in all respects—as I will convince you."

The recluse then took a small stick, with which he beat the sleeper over the shoulders and legs, without eliciting any signs of sensibility or motion. Then he gave Jose directions how to exercise his self-power over him. Jose then stood in front of the sleeper, and with the concentrated energies of his will, commanded the latter to arise and follow him. Immediately the sleeping John arose and stood erect; then, with a fearful step, he followed Jose around the hut;—passed out of the door way, and for a few minutes walked to and fro in front of it; then returning to the hut, he was restored to his former position by the side of the fire.

Then Jose, having received instruction from the recluse by certain counter manipulations restored John to his former state of wakefulness and sensibility. As soon as he had recovered his consciousness, he looked around him with astonishment, and said "Well! this is strange!—I really believe that I have slept."

"You have," responded the recluse.

"But did I sleep from my own nature?—or from any power exercised over me by my companion?" inquired John.

"You slept" answered the recluse, "through the influence of a power possessed by your companion, which was existing in a latent state within him, and which I aroused to action. This power he has exercised over you,—causing your body to become insensible to touch, and your mind and *life-powers* to concentrate themselves, but to become subservient to his will."

When the recluse had given this explanation, John raised his eyes to Jose, in which was an expression of reverence and awe; then raising his hands and clasping them together, he exclaimed exultingly, "Glory to the most High! His will is made manifest to me! My sun-dims and anticipations are now become realities! The prophets have not spoken in vain assumptions; but their words are true!" He then rushed from the hut.

When John had left, the recluse observed "the conduct of your companion is very strange."

"It is, to those who know not his nature as well as I do," replied Jose. "He is naturally a great enthusiast, which has impelled him to gather up many chimerical and fanciful notions. From what he has just experienced, some new fanciful notion has just started in his mind, concerning me; but I will reason with him tomorrow, and check its further growth."

The recluse and Jose passed some time discoursing upon the nature of the power newly developed in the latter. Full particulars were given by the recluse, according to his experience of its application to the benefit of men; the kind of diseases that would come under its influence,—its mode of operation on the mind and body—and many other traits of its nature; to all of which Jose listened with intense interest and joy. Time became far advanced into the night, when as John did not return, they retired themselves to repose.

About the break of day, John entered the hut, seeming to be much exhausted, as though he had passed the night in wrestling with intense emotions. The two companions then, after thanking their host, took leave of him, and departed for their homes.

As they went along, Jose imparted to John all that had taken place the previous evening, concerning the induced sleep of the latter, and some important information he had acquired besides; by which he endeavored to impress his companion with the idea, that the power he possessed was a natural one, though not possessed by all men. John listened attentively without responding a word; but towards the conclusion of Jose's explanation, he shook his head, and looked up to his friend with an expression that seemed to doubt what he had heard.

"You seem to doubt what I have been saying," observed Jose as he caught the glance of his companion.

"I do, in one respect," replied John. Your explanations of this mysterious power may be all true, excepting, as I think you inference, that it *is natural to man*; which I doubt."

"Then how do you view it?" inquired Jose, with surprise.

"I have my ideas upon the subject," replied John; "but I do not wish to state them now. Let us cease to speak of it, and hasten home."

The two companions then continued their route in silence, each being absorbed in his own thoughts. As they came within a short distance of Nazareth they entered an humble habitation, by the road-side, to see one of the neighboring families.

The people were poor, and the wife and mother was afflicted with severe neuralgic pains. As soon as Jose perceived the case of the poor woman, a thought struck him that this would be a good opportunity to test his mysterious power in the cure of diseases; he therefore resolved to make the attempt. Calling the woman to him, he addressed her in a soothing strain touching her malady; and when he perceived that he had won her mind to a beguiling tone, he manipulated her from head to foot, exerting the full energy of his will to scatter the disease, and gently touched with his fingers the most afflicted parts. In a few seconds, the woman declared herself relieved of her pains, and in a few minutes, she said she was cured. Unspeakable was the astonishment of the family, and great was their joy and gratitude. The eyes of Jose were lit up with great pleasure; while John stood with eyes fixed upon his companion.

"Come John, let us depart," said Jose, as he took the latter by the wrist and broke the spell that was upon him. They then passed into the road: but John, instead of walking by the side of Jose, followed a little in the rear.

"Why do you linger behind, John?" inquired Jose of his companion.

"It is not becoming in me to place myself on an equality with you any longer," replied John, in a troubled voice. "Hitherto we have been familiar companions—bound to each other by the bonds of friendship; but now a line of distinction must be drawn between us. Our companionship must give place to that of master and servant, and my friendship must be replaced by love, reverence and duty."

"By my faith! Holy! Holiest!" exclaimed Jose, as he regarded his companion with the greatest astonishments. "Are you crazy, John!—whom do you take me to be?"

"The truth must no longer be withheld," replied John seriously;—"the Lord has made his will and ways manifest to me this day, and the words of the prophet are come true, when he said "Behold my servant whom I uphold;—mine elect, in whom I am delighted,—I have put my spirit upon him." Yes, Jose,—you are the blessed one of whom the prophet has been speaking. That mysterious power you have of doing good, *is supernatural*, which is confirmatory of the truth, I can no longer doubt of your being the—"

John paused, as though he were afraid to utter the next word that would have completed his declaration. Then Jose seized him by the upper part of his tunic, and gazed intently into his eyes for a few moments, and then said "the what?"

"The Messiah!" responded John, humbly and reverently.

There was a pause in their discourse, as the two youths regarded each other for some time with great intentness. The expression of John's countenance being humility and reverence; while that of Jose, in the commencement, seemed to be astonishment and displeasure, at what he considered John's infatuation. But as he continued his gaze, the perception broke upon him that John was no longer of sane mind;—then the sternness of his looks relaxed, assuming one of commiseration.

"John!" exclaimed Jose at length, as he released hold of the former,—"you certainly must be crazy, to entertain so preposterous a thought. The foolish books you make your studies have unhinged your mind. I beg of you—if you wish to be my friend and companion for the future—that you will never mention to me or any one else, the like again."

John made no response; but with a sullen air and dissatisfied feelings, he followed his friend on their return to the village.

This event placed a restraint upon the friendly intercourse of the two young men; so that from that time, their intercourse was much restricted. John confined himself to his studies, and Jose attended to his father's business. Nothing was known among the neighbors why the two young men were not as friendly as usual;—but by some means, it became known that Jose possessed a wonderful power of curing and mitigating certain diseases, which soon spread through the village, and around the neighborhood. Jose was accordingly besought to exercise his power to the benefit of the afflicted. The result was, that many diseased were made sound, and many others were relieved; by which he gained many friends bound to him in gratitude. Some persons there were, who became jealous of his skill and popularity, and fearful of losing their own influence, thought proper to thwart and misrepresent him;—so that while some were giving him all due praise, others were sarcastically hinting that he was a doubtful or bad character.

This state of circumstances surrounded Jose until he had arrived at the age of manhood,—when an event happened, which very much changed them. Joseph the carpenter—his reputed father, died. He had been prosperous at his business during his residence at Nazareth—one main cause of which, was the industry and general good conduct of Jose, so that he had accumulated some wealth, which he had the good sense to divide between his wife and Jose.

Soon after the burial of his father, Jose converted all his means into money, and with the permission of his mother, he resolved to travel into distant countries, to see the world, and gain knowledge. His arrangements were soon made; but before taking his departure, he had a friendly interview with his former companion John. They discoursed long together. John was sorely distressed upon this occasion. He wished to express once more to Jose, that he believed him to be the true Messiah as spoken of by the Prophets. He begged Jose to acknowledge himself to be such, and to let him declare it to the world; but Jose remained inflexible to all his beseechings in that respect. At length they parted, with the compromised understanding that after a number of years, when Jose should return from his travels, if they should accord in their general views, they would go forth together, and preach to the world *Reform* and *Religious*."

Jose then set out upon his travels. He visited Egypt, Greece and Italy, and some other countries. After some years, when he was about thirty years of age, he returned to Judea; when at Jerusalem he met John,—they soon after made their appearance in public, under conditions as will be explained hereafter."

* * * * * * *

"I have now, friend Alexander," resumed the Spirit, Saul, "given you the early history of Jesus of Nazareth, which was imparted to me by himself at the time he visited me in my exile from the happy Spiritual societies. I shall now, with the assistance of Judas, give you his after history—that tragic narrative in which I and Judas were the principal actors. I shall not pretend to give you the incidents in just detail and connection, so as to form a unity of the whole; but will leave them as they occur to my memory; nor shall I take up your time in description, more than is actually necessary. My intent will be to furnish you with all the material facts and scenes; but leave the rest to your own taste, skill, learning and prudence, to make any addition, illustration or embellishment you may think necessary, to produce a united and comprehensive true history, such as will be easy of comprehension, and agreeable to the people you live among. When you shall have accomplished this task, you will then issue it to the world; calling upon all Christendom to read it, that they may no longer live in error and misconception of the truths therein stated. The Christian clergy, after reading my historical revelations, will no longer have a just excuse in maintaining a system of baneful doctrines, which I, Saul, expose and denounce.

The task I have assigned to you is a laborious one for a man in your circumstances;—but be not discouraged. It is a debt of justice due to humanity that I owe, and shall be enabled to pay through your labors. You will confer great benefits upon your fellow men; and though you may not meet with a just reward in your mortal life, be assured that you will obtain it in the world of Spirits."

"Before I proceed to my task, I wish to ask a question," I said to my communicating Spirit.

"What is it?" demanded Saul.

"I wish to know," I said, "what has become of the Spirit Jesus."

"After his kind visit to me," replied Saul, "in which he made me acquainted with many secret points of his history that was not known to any other Spirit or mortal, he took leave of me, and soon after, was translated to the highest sphere of beauty and bliss; since then, I have not seen or heard of him."

* * * * * * *

According to the desire and commands of the Spirits, Saul and Judas, I had about forty communications with them, in which they presented me a series of facts and incidents concerning the history of Jesus, during the latter part of his career on earth, and the parts they performed therein.

These communications were given to me by the Spirits taking possession of my mind, about one hour in every four and twenty; when, usurping all my powers and functions, they produced a series of visions similar to beautiful and well connected dreams. Scenery, characters of personages, dialogues and actions, transpired in regular succession and order, like a performance upon a theatrical stage. I was the only spectator,—though I had no other conception of myself, than that of a conscious perceptive essence, with the power of perceiving the hidden feelings and unspoken thoughts of the visionary personages, before me, the Medium.

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☞ The long talked of railroad between New Orleans and Mobile has been begun at the Mobile end. If we are rightly informed, it is to cross the outlet of Lake Pontchartrain and follow a ridge which lies a little back from the southern and western shores of the lake, until it reaches the vicinity of New Orleans.

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Geneva and Elgin Passenger	*5.30 p. m.	*9.45 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation	*6.10 p. m.	*7.40 a. m.

Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.

Mail Passenger	10.00 a. m.	7.15 p. m.
Night Passenger	7.00 p. m.	*5.00 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation	*4.30 p. m.	*10.30 a. m.
Woodstock Accommodation	5.30 p. m.	*9.40 p. m.

Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie streets.

Day Express	9.45 a. m.	10.45 a. m.
Rosehill, Calvary and Evanston	1.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m.
Afternoon Express	3.0 p. m.	3.00 p. m.
Kenosha Accommodation	*5.0 p. m.	*8.00 a. m.
Washington Accommodation	8.45 p. m.	9.25 a. m.
Washington " do	*6.15 p. m.	*9.25 a. m.
Milwaukee Accommodation	11.00 p. m.	6.00 a. m.

Geo. L. Dwight, Gen'l Sup't.
H. P. Stanwood, General Ticket Agent.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

Day Express and Mail	*9.45 a. m.	*8.00 p. m.
Peru Accommodation	*4.30 p. m.	*10.40 a. m.
Night Express	10.15 p. m.	11.15 a. m.

A. H. Sarts, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Geo. Rickard, Ticket Clerk.

P. A. Hall, Asst Gen'l Superintendent.

Michigan Southern Railroad.

Depot corner Van Buren and Sherman streets. Ticket Office 59 South Clark street.

Accommodation	*7.00 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Kansas Express	*11.30 a. m.	*4.00 p. m.
Evening Express	5.15 p. m.	*9.00 a. m.
Night Express	*10.00 p. m.	*6.30 a. m.

Detroit Line.

Day Express via Adrian	*7.00 a. m.	8.15 p. m.
Night " " "	*9.00 p. m.	*6.30 a. m.

F. E. Moran, Gen'l Ticket Agent, 56 Clark st., Chicago.

Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago—Depot, corner of Madison and Canal streets.

Mail	*10.00 a. m.	*9.00 p. m.
Day Express	*9.00 a. m.	*9.00 p. m.
Fast Line	4.30 p. m.	*11.20 p. m.
Night Express	*7.00 p. m.	*9.20 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	5.10 p. m.	10.40 a. m.

W. C. Cleland, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt., 56 Clark st.

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake street.

Day Passenger	*9.40 a. m.	*6.40 p. m.
Night Passenger	*12.00 p. m.	*9.00 a. m.
Kankakee Accommodation	*4.15 p. m.	*9.15 a. m.
Hyde Park Train	6.10 p. m.	7.40 a. m.
" " "	*12.10 p. m.	*1.40 p. m.
" " "	*2.00 p. m.	*8.15 p. m.
" " "	*6.10 p. m.	*7.35 p. m.

M. Hoxsey, Gen'l Supt.
W. P. Johnson, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.

Day Express and Mail	*10.00 a. m.	*7.00 p. m.
Evening Express	*4.00 p. m.	7.35 p. m.
Aurora	*5.30 p. m.	*9.15 a. m.
Mendota Passenger	*7.45 p. m.	*9.30 p. m.
Night Express	11.30 p. m.	10.45 a. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*12.0 m.	*2.00 p. m.

Robert Harris, Superintendent.
Barton Powell, Gen'l Ticket Agt. Office in Ct. Cont. Depot

Chicago and St. Louis—Depot, corner Madison and Canal sts.

Express and Mail	*10.00 a. m.	7.00 p. m.
Way Express	*4.00 p. m.	9.45 a. m.
Lightning Express	12.00 p. m.	3.10 a. m.

T. B. Blackstone, Pres. & Gen'l Superintendent.
A. Bonnar, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Office 56 Dearborn st.

Columbus, Chicago & Indiana Central Railway.—(late Chicago and Great Eastern) Annexed Air Line and Indiana Central Railway (W's.)

Columbus and Cincinnati Express	*8.45 a. m.	*6.25 a. m.
Columbus and Cincinnati Express	7.45 p. m.	*2.30 p. m.
Lafayette Accommodation	3.30 p. m.	9.10 a. m.

H. B. Scott, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Ticket Office Corner Randolph and Dearborn streets.

Michigan Central Railroad—Union Depot, foot of Lake street.

Mail Train	*9.00 a. m.	*7.40 p. m.
Day Express	*9.00 a. m.	*6.00 p. m.
Evening Express	12.15 p. m.	*9.00 a. m.
Night Express	*12.00 p. m.	*6.30 a. m.
Kalamazoo Accommodation	3.45 p. m.	*11.00 a. m.

Cincinnati and Louisville Trains.

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Evening Express	12.45 p. m.	10.30 p. m.

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THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS and SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will advocate the equal rights of Men and Women. It will plead the cause of the rising generation. In fact, we intend to make our Journal cosmopolitan in character—a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people.

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A watchful eye will be kept upon affairs governmental. While we stand aloof from all partisanism, we shall put boldly into the ballot box our powerful influence in favor for the mastery of the right, whether such principles are found in platform or a party; apparently in the minority or majority.

A large space will be devoted to Spiritual Philosophy and communications from the inhabitants of the summer Land.

Contributions are solicit d from any and all who feel that they have a truth, to unfold on any subject; our right always being reserved to judge what is or will not be of interest or instruct the public.

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Frontier Department

BY..... E. V. WILSON.

Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Willson, Lombard, Dupage county, Illinois.

We speak in Michigan every night during October.

"Church Courtesy."

Dear readers, the "Gentle Wilson," being short of time to write original articles to-day, avails himself of the time honored custom of filling up his Department with extracts from the journals of the day; but unlike leading pious and religious (?) journals, he gives credit to the paper the item is clipt from.

The New York Ledger is oblized every now and then to lay before its millions of readers the stern fact that the Christian journals appropriate its matter without giving credit, and the reader of the Ledger knows full well that one column of the Ledger costs more money than any one page of matter in any Christian journal in America. Below we give extracts from the Detroit Post of Tuesday, Oct. 19th, 1869. Read them:

"In the religious meetings which have been lately held in this city, the questions most frequently brought up for discussion were, how to secure a more general attendance upon Sunday services, and what to do with those Christian people who are daily perishing for lack of spiritual food almost under the shadow of our churches. The fact that thousands never attend church who might and should do so, being taken for granted, the question of adequate means to secure their attendance the rapid growth of profane amusements upon the Sabbath, the natural antipathy, or at least apathy, of the human heart to spiritual instruction, etc. All this may be very true and yet one cause which seems to us by no means an insignificant one, was entirely overlooked, and that is the reception these people sometimes receive when they venture into a church. It not infrequently happens that a man meets such cool treatment, or imagines that he does, on entering a church for the first time, that he is not disposed to repeat the experiment. Though neither rich nor religious, he is sensitive to the last degree, and will not care to be reproached either with his impiety or his poverty. To leave "free seats for the poor," and expect poor people to come in and sit on them, betrays an ignorance of human nature that an American congregation ought to be guilty of, and yet such vacant corners are still pointed to as evidence both of the charity of church members in offering them, and of the perversity of outsiders in not accepting them.

Even where strangers are not thus huddled together, and addressed in actions, if not in words, as "you poor heathens," distinctions less glaring, but not less odious, are frequently practiced. It was only last Sunday that two men entered, at the same time, the door of a fashionable church in this city. The one with golden spectacles and silver headed cane was ushered into a front sanctum mediately; the other, (our reporter), not having these marks of credentials of respectability, some minutes unobserved and was then beckoned to the nearest seat. Possibly this was accidental, we hope at least it was exceptional on the part of the usher, and yet the impression with which the best grades of cloth were sent to the front and the poorest to the rear, left a very strong suspicion that the audience was intentionally and systematically assorted on something like a dry goods basis. It requires a good deal of heroism under any circumstances to go into a well dressed crowd, wearing a thread-bare coat, but the task is much harder when we know we are being used merely as a dark background against which the adornments of our neighbors may show the brightest contrast. These invidious distinctions may be noticed by very few, in many churches they are not noticeable at all, still we can not help thinking that a little more courtesy, not to say sympathy, on the part of ushers and others, would diminish the number of domestic heathens quite perceptibly."

Decidedly rich. Well, you poor devil of the Local Department, why did you go there without a new silk plug, plaid tights, blue coat, buff vest, and patent boots? And above all, why did you not borrow a pair of gold spectacles and a silver headed cane? When you know so well that these are the pamports to front seats in our fashionable churches. But, Brother Local, it will be our turn by and by when old spectacles lifts up his eyes in torment, and we peep out of Uncle Abe's shirt bosom.

Specimen Idols.

"Those people whose eyes are in the back of their heads, whose "hopes are memories," who think the sky is not so blue, nor the grass so green, the fruit so luscious, men so wise, nor women so virtuous, as in the days of their youth before the evil days have come in which they have no pleasure, are startled now and then by revelations of the real characters of the people over whose dilapidated tenements from the earth they have lamented with bitterness inconsolable. They are horrified to learn that George Washington swore, perhaps because Martha didn't know how to spell correctly, which was the case; that John Hancock told obscene stories, and drove women from the table; and that the political warfare of even half a century ago, reeked with such personal defamation and abuse as is seldom found now outside the columns of the Alabama "Tomahawk," or Texas "Warwhoop." The reminiscences of Alexander Hamilton's son just published, disclose many a weak point in the character of the great men of his age as seen through the eyes of their posterity—no prejudiced eyes, it may be, but not more so probably than those of to-day, whose owners pluck the motes out of the moral curses of others, while fondering nine inches over operation themselves. Charges of drinking, of falsehood, of sensuality were bandied about as they are now, but mixed with less intelligent discussion; and epithets seem to have been as thick as was the mud, to which they are often compared, on the old fashioned, unpaved, rugged roads of the wilderness. Among other facts, we find that Washington told Hamilton that "Jefferson was a most profound hypocrite, and less under the influence of philosophical reveries than is commonly imagined."

What is more, Jefferson gave some cause for this criticism by resigning his position as Secretary of State, under pretence of retiring from public affairs altogether. In a short time he re-appeared as a candidate for the Presidency, and Washington thereupon pronounced him a "profound hypocrite." An autograph letter of General Jackson, written soon after his retirement from the Presidency, is now published, for the first time, in "Tours at Home" for November, and reveals a spiteful pettiness, a weak susceptibility to a small insult, a capability for abuse, and an ignorance of spelling and grammar, which if displayed by a public man of to-day, would justly call down upon his head the bitterest and the liveliest ridicule. Yet this petulant, uneducated, coarse man, that thought it worth his while to resent a mean snubyance in bad English, is the idol and the demi god of large numbers of people who lament him as the last, or among the last of our "great men gone forever and forever by." The following is his epistle:

Hermitage, May 11th, 1867.

GENTLEMEN:—Your kind letter conveying your charity of two copes (alias coats), which you forwarded on hearing that I was broke, and a bill drawn by me for $6,000 had been returned protested, had been received, and as you have been imposed upon by the vile falsehoods that are daily circulated by the Whigs, your charity is herewith returned to you, that you may dispose of it, in charity, to such of the Whigs that may have been employed in trading in stocks and swindling the poor. Have the goodness to inform all your friends that I have not drawn a draft for any sum on any one for twenty years, nor have I any use for your kind charity, having long since learned to live within my own means. Your charity is therefore returned to you in the same envelop you sent it, supposing from the material and great care taken, it is your only charity repository, and the objects of charity in your city would be much injured if not returned to you.

With great respect and grateful feeling for your proferred charity, I remain, with profound respect,

Your mo. obt. servt till death
ANDREW JACKSON.

Messrs. J. D——& Co.

One of the Reasons Why We are Not of the Christian Church.

We lay before our readers this week. Brothers Warren Chase and "the Gentle Wilson," are, we believe, the only Spiritualists in America, who openly avow that they are not Christians, and we ask, "What Spiritualist can be, with the statement of the Rev. Towers before his eyes?" Read it, Spiritualists, and cease forever from saying the Christian Church does not believe in a hell.

"The Rev. James Towers, of the Scotch United Presbyterian Church, recently made an address before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in which, according to the *American Presbyterian*, he made the following remarks:

"I often ask myself the question: Do I believe there is a hell? Do the Ministers of the Gospel generally believe in it? If people are not saved here, there is no salvation for them. Our own brothers and sisters in America, England, China, and Japan are perishing if there is no Christ. I desire that we get a little more of faith in hell in preaching to men, women and children, for the soul is lost forever if it is not saved here. Then comes another delightful thought.'

This agreeable gentleman is as complacent as the old lady who was told that there were many doubts in regard to the truth of the doctrine of total depravity and eternal punishment "It may be," she said, "*but I hope for better things.*"

Can't Come in on Recommendation.

We copy the following from the proceedings of the Baptist Convention, lately held in Mich.

James Marshal, you are a naughty man, and can't come in, and you ought to know it, you Disorderly Christian.

"The Judicial Committee reported case No. 2, an appeal from the session of Eaon Valley against the Presbytery of Findlay, for refusing to entertain a complaint against the session of Arcadia for receiving one James Marshal into communion without recommendation, and while said Marshal was a suspended member of the church at Eaon Valley.

Pending the trial the Synod adjourned."

Lecture.

The lecture and readings of Mr. E V. Willson, the Spiritualist, at Burshop's Hall, Monday evening, was of more than ordinary interest to the audience in attendance. The visions of the lecturer and the responses cast by him of prominent incidents in the past life of persons who were entire strangers to him, were truly wonderful; confirmed, as they were, in every instance, save one, by the parties themselves then and there.

Whatever may be the power controlling the lecturer, or the means to accomplish the end reached, the result is none the less wonderful to us.—*Council Bluffs (Iowa) Daily Dugle.*

CIRCULAR.

Austin Kent, to His Friends.

I was born of poor parents, in the woods; and I came into the world with one badly injured foot, a rather strong constitution, but carrying the seeds of disease in many joints. The result has been, a life of unusual suffering. I have been five times almost in death, twice supposed to be dying. Till 47, I could get about the house, in and out of a wagon, as spry as most men. *Twelve years ago Inflamatory Rheumatism so crippled me that I have not stepped on my feet since. I have not fed myself for seven years.* My knees are fastened as one sits in his chair. My hands can not be got within twelve inches of my face. My thumb and fore-finger are fastened as one holds the pen. By the aid of machinery I have invented, my feeble wife—no man ever had a kinder companion—helps me on and off the bed, into a chair. I get my arm on the table, and write this Circular. Writing is *all* I can do; and I write every line in more or less pain. I have known few days of entire freedom from pain since I left my mother's lap. In 45 of the 60 years of my life, I have suffered more or less from POVERTY. It seems to me that I have suffered as much—in mind and body—from the last cause as from every other. Between the age of 20 and 23, with a deep conviction, and at all myself for the ministry, *poor and crippled*, I three times declined the offer of money from the orthodox "education societies," which was urged upon me for that purpose. Ten of my healthy and sound-limbed companions took it. But I was then comparatively radical and felt a prophetic assurance that in my coming mental and moral maturity, I should use my talents in a moral war-fare against the bigotry and sectarianism of the same churches. I believed taking the money would some day render me *less free.* I devoted all I could earn by teaching, to study. I was licensed, then ordained, a Congregational minister. After a few years of preaching with more than average success, in which I raised the standard of reform as high as the church could endure it, I began to feel still more deeply my early impressions, and withdrew from them as organized bodies. I lectured, more or less, to good congregations till my lungs failed, and I became so feeble I could not stand on my feet. This was over twenty years ago. I have been thirty years a Spiritualist. Over thirty years a free-thinker and Liberal—*very radical.* I gave the best of my life to the race, without charges. In the churches I asked no definite salary, but was well supported. Out of the church I never had a collection taken, but was nearly as well sustained—sometimes better—while I could preach. My former able and radical friends have been many years dead. In my physical helplessness I have dared to think and speak freely for almost forty years. In this age, many others may have suffered more for Free Thought—if so, I do not know them. I do not—I can not repent of the mental freedom I have taken. I am from the Puritan stock, and was the first to break a link in an unbroken chain of my own orthodox ancestry. Were I now in the churches, I would be helped as a "superannuated preacher."

I do not complain. Even now, though prematurely old, and broken in mind (I feel like one so), from long physical sufferings—from pain and poverty—my mental freedom is not for sale.

But I am a LAZARUS. He "desired the crumbs." *I ask for them. I ask such as have more than they need, to send me something.* I assure them it will be gratefully received.

AUSTIN KENT.

Stockholm, New York.

FORGOT TO SIGN HIS NAME.

A good brother writes from San Jose, Cal., under date of Nov. 4th, 1869, sending a list of subscribers, and an order for books (but forgot to sign his name), and says:

I find but little trouble in converting people to Spiritualism by taking the right stand-point. The preachers don't preach a good sermon without quoting Spiritualism. The circuit rider at our place fell out with me for gulling the people into subscribing for the JOURNAL because I get more names than he does for his Christian Advocate. He borrowed three or four JOURNALS, and took them into his pulpit to preach from—"to show up their absurdities," as he said. Please give him a little help as there are many readers of the JOURNAL in the San Jose, among our most substantial citizens; my paper has a great run—it does not stay at home long."

The good brother will accept our heartiest thanks for his zeal in the cause we labor hard to advocate, and if the "Circuit Rider" will continue to borrow the JOURNALS and read them to his Congregation, he will please his hearers much better, for people love to hear the truth preached, and one JOURNAL contains more than a cord of such sermons as circuit riders generally deliver.

We would be pleased to have others imitate the example of our zealous brother in circulating the JOURNAL and getting subscribers for it. By this means great good will be accomplished in shedding the light and truth of our glorious soul elevating philosophy.

THE LATEST SENSATION

Is freating disease by vacuum. The patient, is placed in a receiver with his head sticking out of the top, and a pump is put in operation, which exhausts the receiver, and effectually takes the wind out of the subject within.

We earnestly recommend this method of treatment to all Rev. Gentlemen, as it evidently possesses both the merit of cheapness and efficacy.

☞ It is said that experiments were lately made at the Botanic Garden, London, to see how much weight the of the smaller leaves of the "Victoria Regia" would sustain. It bore four hundred and twenty-six pounds before sinking. The leaf is exceedingly large, and the edges are turned up like the sides of a boat.—*Independent.*

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

BELOIT, WIS.—The Spiritualists of Beloit, hold regular meetings at their church at 1 P. M. Wm. S. Yost President; C. P. Hamilton, Sec'y. Lyceum meets at 12 d. Mr U. S. Hamilton, Conductor; Miss Martin, Guardian.

SPRINGFIELD HALL.—The South End Lyceum Association have entertainments every Thursday evening during the winter at the Hall No. 88, Springfield street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ a. m. A. J. Chase Conductor; J. W. McGuire, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Guardian. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street.

UNION HALL.—The South Boston Spiritual Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10, 3 and 7½ o'clock. Mr. Keene, President; E. H. Gould, Secretary; Mary L. Brock, Treasurer.

Baltimore, Md.—The "The Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at Saratoga Hall, south east corner Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer speaks till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.

Broadway Institute.—The Society of "Progressive Spiritualists of Baltimore" lecture every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

BANGOR, ME.—Spiritualists hold meeting in Pioneer Chapel every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same place at 2 p. m. Adelphus J. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

BELOIT, WIS.—The Spiritualists of Beloit hold regular Sunday meetings at their church at 10½ a. m., and 2½ p. m. Wm S Yost, President; C. P. Hamilton, Secretary. Lyceum meets at 12 m. Mr. Wm Wadsworth, Conductor; Miss Osborne, Guardian of Groups.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The Spiritualists of the First Precinct, hold meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. at Webster's Hall. Lyceum meets at 12 M, George Chase, Conductor; Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Guardian of Groups.

Belvidere, Ill.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings in Green's Hall every Sunday at 10½ a. m. afternoon and evening 1½ and 7½ o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at one o'clock. W. F. Jamieson, Conductor; E. C. Maynard, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Hiram Bidwell, Guardian.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Meetings are used in Kremlin Hall, Wm. Eagle street, every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Children's Lyceum meets at 2½ p. m. Harvey Fitzgerald, Conductor Mrs. Mary Lease, Guardian.

BARNERVILLE, OHIO.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ a. m. at Lafayette Hall. M. H. Crosbell, Conductor; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Guardian.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO.—The Spiritualists hold meet: Cumberland street Lecture Room, near DeKalb avenue every Sunday at 3 and 7½ p. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10½ a. m. J. A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. R A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

Spiritual meetings for Inspirational and Trance Speaking and Spirit Test manifestations, every Sunday at 3 p. m., and Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in Grenada Hall (Upper room) No. 112 Myrtle avenue Brooklyn.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall 300 Superior St. at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Lyceum at 12 m. Leo Miller, Conductor, Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian, D. A. Eddy, Cor. Secretary.

Chicago, Illinois.—The Chicago Spiritualists meet every Sunday in Crosby's Music Hall at 10 45 A.M. and 7 45 P.M. Speaker engaged, Dr. Blain. Lyceum meets immediately after morning services.

CLYDE, O.—Progressive Association hold meetings every Sunday in Wolf's Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 a. m. S. M. Terry, Conductor; J. Deny, Guardian; Mrs F. A. Perin, Cor. Sect.

CARTHAGE, MO.—The Spiritualists of Carthage, Jasper Co., Mo., hold meetings every Sunday afternoon. C. C. Colby, Corresponding Secretary; A. W. Pickering, Clerk.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meeting every Sunday in Williams Hall, at 3 and 7 p. m. Speaker engaged.

DOVER AND FOXCROFT, ME.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its Sunday session in Merrick Hall, in Dover, at 10½ a. m. R. B. Averill, Conductor; Mrs. A. K. P. Gray, Guardian. Lyceum is held at 1½ p. m.

DU QUOIN ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists, hold their regular meetings in Schradere hall, at 10 o'clock A. M. the first Sunday in each month. Children's Progressive Lyceum at the same place at 9 o'clock and the Sunday evening. J. G. Mangold, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Pier Guardian of Groups. Social Levee for the benefit of the Lyceum, every Wednesday evening.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The First Spiritualist Association meet regularly for lecture, conference and music each Sunday, in Good Templar's Hall (west side) at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 1½ P. M. B. N. Kinyon, Corresponding Secretary.

FRYEBURG, MAINE.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in Holden and Dickinson's Hall. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. C. F. Tabor during January.

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 a. m.

GENEVA, New York.—The First Society of Spiritualists of Geneva N. Y., hold meetings every Wednesday evening 7½ o'clock at the residence of R. B. Beach, Sunday 3 o'clock P. M. at the residence of Dr. Newell.

Georgetown, Colorado. The Spiritualists meet there three evenings each week at the residence of H. Toft. Mrs. Toft, clairvoyant speaking medium.

HAMPSTEAD, OHIO.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday evening, for conference or lecture, at 7½ o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. J. S. Dow, Conductor.

HOLLISTON, MS.—Meetings are held in Liberty Hall, (owned by the Spiritualist Society,) Sunday afternoons and evenings.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10½ at Spiritualist Hall, 2d street. J. B. Hoff, President; Mrs. C. A. E. Power, Secretary. Lyceum meets at 1 p. m. J. G. Rakes, Conductor; Miss Lizzie Randall, Guardian of Groups. Lyceum numbers 100 members.

HAVANA, ILL.—Lyceum meets every Sunday evening at two o'clock, at Hallgreen's Hall. J. Hallgreen, Conductor; Miss E. Rogers, Guardian.

LOWELL, MASS.—The "Friends of Progress" organized permanently, Sept. 9, 1866. They meet in the Hall of the "Salem Literary Institute," but do not hold regular meetings. A. J. F. Barnard, President; Mrs. Carrie S. Huddleston, Vice President; F. A. Coleman, Secretary; D. A. Gardner, Treasurer; Johnathan Bowie, Collector.

LIBERTYVILLE, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m., in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 6th and 6th.

LOWELL, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2½ and 7½ o'clock. Lyceum meets at 10½ a. m. E. B. Carter, Conductor; Mrs. J. F. Wright Guardian; J. E. Whiting, Corresponding Secretary.—

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Odeon Hall.

LAPORTE IND. Association of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 10½ a. m., and 2 p. m., at "Concert Hall."—Dr. S. B. Collins, Pres't; F. A. Tuttle, Sec'y.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Bowman's Hall. Social Conference at 2 P. M. Address and Conference at 7½ p. m., every Sunday. H. S. Brown M D. President.

MONROVIA, ILL.—Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon. About one hundred pupils. J. B. Loveland, Conductor; D. R. Barnes, Assistant Conductor; Helen Rye, Guardian of Groups.

MERRIMACK, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Sunday at 3 p. m.

MILAN, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday, at 10½ o'clock A. M. Conductor, Hudson Tuttle Guardian, Emma Tuttle.

MARLBORO, MASS.—The Marlboro Spiritualist Association hold meetings in Forest Hall. Speaker engaged, Prof. Wm. Denton, once a week for a year. Mrs. Lizzie A. Taylor, Sec

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 10 a. m. and 7 P. M., in the Police Court Room. Benj. Free, R. A. Sawyer, President; S. Prescott, Secretary.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, in Everett Hall, corner of thirty-fourth street and sixth avenue, at 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Conference at 12 m. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2½ p. m. F. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. E. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Dodsworth Hall, 806 Broadway. Conference every Sunday at same place at 2 p. m. Seats free.

NEW YORK.—The Friends of Humanity meet every Sunday at 3 and 7½ P. M., in the convenient and comfortable hall, 270 Grand street, northeast corner Forsythe, 2d block east of Bowery, for moral and spiritual culture, inspirational and trance speaking, special test manifestations, and the relation of spiritual experience, facts and phenomena. Seats free, and contribution taken up.

The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Lamartine Hall, corner of 6th avenue and West 29th street. Lectures at 10½ o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Conference at 3 p. m.

NEWARK, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings in Music Hall, No. 4 Beach street, at 3½ and 7½ p. m. The afternoon is devoted wholly to the Children's Progressive Lyceum. G. T. Leach Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Farrington, Guardian of Groups.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ p. m., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ p. m. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. S. Doolittle, Guardian.

OSCEO, WIS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sabbath at 10 o'clock a. m. John Wilcox, conductor. Mrs Thompson, Assistant Conductor, Miss Cynthia McGuan, Guardian of Groups.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The First Association of Spiritualists at Harmonial Hall, corner 11 and Wood sts. Lecture Sundays at 10½ A. M. and 7½ p. m. Lyceum No. 1 at 2½ p. m.

First Spiritual Church of Philadelphia, Thompson st. below Front. Meetings Sunday at 3 and 7½ p. m. Lyceum No. 2 at 10 p. m.

Spiritual Union, Washington Hall, 5th and Spring Garden sts., Sundays. Lyceum No. 3 at 9 a. m. Lectures at 10½ a. m and 7½ p. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The Spiritualists now hold their meetings at the Musical Institute hall, Market square.

PUTNEY, MASS.—Lyceum Association of Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyceum Hall two Sundays in each month. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 o'clock A. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs H. F. Gardner, Feb. 1 and 22; H. B. Storer, Feb. 3 and 8; I. P. Greenleaf, March 1 and 8.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 1½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10½ in the forenoon.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 3½ and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 1½ P. M.

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday morning in library Hall, at 10½ a. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place at 2 p. m.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet and have speaking every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, at Brown's Hall. Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, a. m., in the same hall. Dr. E. C. Dewey, M. Hurlburt, Mrs. Hurlburt, conductors.

RICHLAND CENTER, WIS.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at half past one at Chandler's Hall. H. A. Rosland, Conductor. Mrs. Della Foster, Guardian.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at Central Hall, South West corner 6th and Adams street. A. H. Worthen President, M. M. Leighton Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M. B. A. Rudolph, Conductor, Miss Lizzie Porter, Guardian.

RICHMOND, ILL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Richmond, Ill., meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m., in Wilkins' New Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

The Free Conference meets at the same place on Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m., each home session. Essays and speeches limited to ten minutes each. Chauncey Hill Wood, Esq., President of Society; Mrs. Sarah D. F. Jones, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Fallon's Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 p. m. Conductor, H. S. Williams; Guardian, Mrs. Mary A. Lyman. Lectures at 7 p. m.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Meetings are held in Pati Verein Hall, on K. street, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 p. m. Henry Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.

TEXAS HAVEN IND.—The First Spiritual Society hold meetings every Sunday at the corner Seal and Olive streets. Lectures at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. Speakers engaged, J. Madison Allen, for six months, from May 1st.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place at 2½ P. M. E. G Granville, Conductor.

Toledo, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old Masonic Hall, Summit street, at 7½ P. M. All are invited free. Children's Progressive Lyceum in the same place every Sunday at 10 A. M. J. A Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

TROY, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River street at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Children's Lyceum at 2½ p. m. Monroe J. Keith, Conductor; Mrs. Lohna Keith Guardian.

TIFFINTOWN, O.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings at Tiffintown Hall. The officers are E Hulbert, E. Stockwell, M. Hall Jr, Trustees; and A. Tillotson Secretary and Treasurer

TOPEKA, KANSAS.—The Spiritualists of Topeka, Kansas, meet for Social Conference and Inspirational speaking every Sunday evening at the Odd Fellow's Hall, No. 184 Kansas Avenue. Mrs. U. T. Thomas, Inspirational Speaker.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in Plum street Hall, every Sunday, at 10½ a. m., and evening. President, C. B. Campbell; Vice President, Mrs. Sarah Coonley Reed; Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Lyceum Director and Treasurer, S. G. Sylvester; Recording Secretary, H. H. Ladd. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12½ p. m. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Coonley Reed, Guardian; Mrs. Julia Brigham and Mrs. Tanner, Assistant Guardians.

WILLIAMSBURG.—Spiritual meetings for Inspirational and Trance Speaking and Spirit Test manifestations, every Sunday at 3 p. m., and Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in Grenada Hall (upper room) No. 112 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. Also Sunday and Friday evenings at 7½ o'clock, in Continental Hall, corner Myrtle avenue and Nassau street, Williamsburg. Also, Sunday at 3, and Tuesday at 7½ o'clock, in McCarthy's Temperance Hall, Franklin street, opposite Post Office, Green Point. Conductor, Thomas Gale.

WORCESTER MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 o'clock every Sunday at the same place. E. S. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary and Conductor of the Lyceum; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday, in their (New) Harmonial Hall, opposite Metropolitan Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, between 6th and 7th streets. Speakers engaged: October, Mrs. Smith; November, Miss Lizzie M. Jones; December, Frank White; Jan., E. V. Wilson; Feb., Emma Hardinge (expected); Mar., not filled; April, Moses Hull; May, Alcinda W. Slade. Lectures at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum, Geo. B. Davis, conductor, at 12½ p. m. every Sunday. John Mayhew, President.

YATES CITY, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday for conference, at Long's Hall, at 2½ p. m.,

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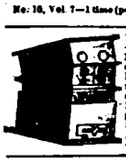

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THE DOCTORS AND THE SPIRITS.

SPIRITS TRIUMPHANT!

The following extract is taken from a letter written by MRS. MARY A. STODDARD, of Kents Station, Porter Co., Ind.:

"I have lately been called to take and treat several patients whom the M. D.s had failed to cure. I will here mention one, the case of a young woman who was very sick. Her friends called one of our Doctors first, and then the other. They both called her disease Lung Fever, treated her three weeks, and left her worse than they found her. Her friends then called me. I examined her case, and found her in the last stage of QUICK CONSUMPTION. After I had had her under my care for one week, her friends met the M. D.s who said they know that she had the consumption, and could never be cured. Some two weeks afterwards the learned Dr. UNDERHILL, of Chicago, was here at my house on a visit. He examined her, and he, too, said that she was in the last stage of Quick Consumption, could not be cured, and he would not be surprised if she did not live but a few days. 'Mrs. Stodard,' said he to me, 'she can not live; have you any hope of caring her?' I answered, 'The spirits say that they will cure her if we obey their orders.' In the first three weeks after I commenced treating her, she had three large ulcers in her lungs break and discharge an almost incredible amount. But at the expiration of eight weeks she calls herself well. She will work all day, go to a party at night, dance until the small hours in the morning, take a short nap and then get up and be as gay as a bird all day. Allowing herself to be the judge, she is well, has not an unpleasant symptom in her system, and has taken only six boxes of Mrs. Spence's Positive Powders. I gave her no other medicine. To the Positive Powders, God and angels we give the praise of saving her life and restoring her health."

WHERE IS THEIR EQUAL?

K. F. HAYES, of Huntington, Ind., sends to PROF. SPENCE, the following remarkable report:

"I feel it my duty to report to you what Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders have done for me. I had suffered with a hereditary Headache for 35 years. During no week had I been free from the Headache in all that time. Two years ago last August, I sent to you and got a few boxes of your Powders, and commenced taking them according to the directions, and am cured, as I have had no Headache since I took the first Powder. I had also been troubled with a disease in my bowels from childhood. There was scarce a day that I did not suffer pain in my bowels, up to the time I got your Powders. They have cured me of that, too. I had employed many of the best physicians of the Old School, and none of them could tell what ailed me, and could do me no good."

MUST ONE RISE FROM THE DEAD?

Plainebog, Mich., Aug. 4th, 1869.

PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I feel that I ought to acknowledge some of the benefits of the Positive and Negative Powders in this place. Well, then, two years ago one box cured my child, one year old, after given up to die. Half a box of the Positive Powders cured H. G. Kilburn of Erysipelas, from which he had been unable to work for several years. He took up the half box, went to work, and says he is now cured. Again, a young girl, twelve years old, who had become blind from pain in her head, has used up one and one half box of Positive Powders; she is now around at work, can read, write and sew. I might give more such cases; but after seeing such evidence if people can't believe, they will not believe "though one should rise from the dead." I should have stated above that the girl was pronounced incurable by our skilled doctors of this place.

Yours, &c.,
W. D. KELLY.

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POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS.

The Magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no narcotizing. Men, Women and Children find them a sheet but a sure success.

The Positives cure Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Pain of all kinds; Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Worms; all Female Weaknesses and derangements; Fits, Cramps, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms; all high grades of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas; all Inflammations, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Mouth, Bladder, or any other organ of the body, Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds; Scrofula Nervousness, Sleeplessness, &c.

The Negatives cure Paralysis, or Palsy, whether of the muscles or of the senses, as in Blindness, Deafness, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhus; extreme nervous or muscular Prostration or Relaxation.

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